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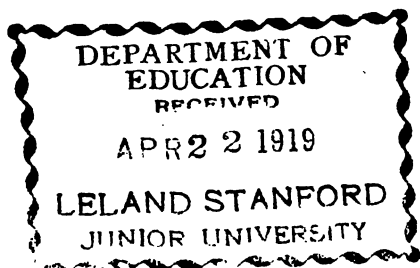
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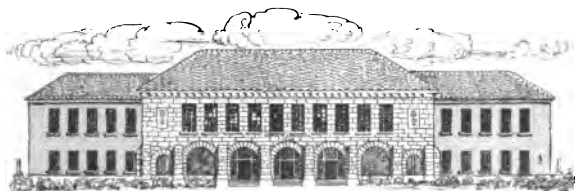


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Cathcart's Youth's Speaker.

SELECTIONS

IN

PROSE, POETRY, AND DIALOGUES,

FOR

DECLAMATION AND RECITATION:

*SUITED TO THE CAPACITIES OF YOUTH, AND INTENDED FOR THE
EXHIBITION-DAY REQUIREMENTS OF COMMON
SCHOOLS AND ACADEMIES.*

Illustrated.

By GEORGE R. CATHCART, A.M.

**NEW YORK AND CHICAGO:
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PREFACE.

IN the preparation of this volume the compiler has had three things mainly in view. 1. To make a book of selections suitable to the "Exhibition Day" requirements of Common Schools and Academies; 2. That the selections should be adapted to the understanding of the younger pupils; and 3. To present, as far as practicable, pieces that are fresh, or that have not heretofore been used in a book of this kind.

An attempt has been made in the part under the head of "Selections in Prose" to insert none but pieces of a highly rhetorical character, though in two or three instances this rule has not been adhered to. The compiler's own personal observations have convinced him of the fact,—and he has been assured by many of the most accomplished teachers that it is a fact,—that a boy will memorize more easily, and speak more naturally and forcibly, a richly colored descriptive or didactic passage, than an exercise of simple puerile construction; and his utmost care has been given to selecting such as are free from ambiguous expressions, and long, complicated sentences. The selections under this head will be found

to be taken mostly from standard authorities, and, it is hoped, will recommend themselves for their high moral and patriotic character.

The "Selections in Poetry," in great part, will be found admirably suited to the capacities of the *Youngest Pupils*. They are all of a pleasing and instructive style, and easy to be read and memorized.

The compiler ventures to hope that the volume as a whole will find favor with teachers and others on account of the variety of its exercises, and especially for their freshness,—a large majority of them having never before been similarly used,—and for its beautiful typographical appearance. Some of the pieces of poetry, and two or three of the dialogues, are taken from a charming little book entitled "Little Pieces for Little Speakers," by Miss S. M. Priest, and published by Messrs. Lee and Shepard, to whose courtesy he is indebted for the privilege of inserting them. He is also under obligations to Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co., and Messrs. J. W. Daughaday & Co., for the privilege of selecting from "Our Young Folks" and "The School-Day Visitor." He is also indebted to the pages of "The Little Corporal" for one or two selections.

G. R. C.

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Ex. 1. — YOUNG AMERICA.

FIRST we have our A, B, C's, then our a-b ab's, then we learn to read, and after a while we speak a piece. This is what I am going to do now. When I began to go to school I was a smaller boy than I am now, and did n't know half as much. I am glad to tell you all that my teacher has been kind and attentive to me, and very patient with my faults.

Some boys don't like to study their lessons. They say, "O, never mind about our lessons, let's have a good time." I don't believe in that. My idea is to work while you do work, and when it is time to play, why, then play. I see boys who laugh at me for saying this. That don't worry me. If I did like some of them, I should not know anything about my lessons, and should probably get into trouble about it as often as they do. However, let them look out for themselves, and we shall see how they will get along when it comes their turn to speak.

I hope next time to do better, but if I have said very little, I have tried to say it well. If I am entitled to your kind approbation I shall feel grateful for it. You

must remember I am a very small boy, and have other things to think of besides making a speech. Should I ever become a member of Congress, you may hear from me again.

Ex. 2. — OUR DUTIES AS AMERICANS. — *Story.*

WHAT vast motives press upon us for lofty efforts !
What brilliant prospects invite our enthusiasm !
What solemn warnings at once demand our vigilance and moderate our confidence !

We stand the latest, and if we fail probably the last, experiment of self-government by the people. We have begun it under circumstances of the grandest and most encouraging nature. We are as a nation in the vigor of youth. Our growth has never been checked by the oppression of tyranny. Our constitutions have never been weakened by the vices or luxuries of the Old World. Such as we are, we have been from the beginning, — simple, hardy, intelligent, accustomed to self-government and self-respect.

The Atlantic rolls between us and any formidable foe. Within our own territory we have the choice of many products, and many means of independence. The government is mild. The press is free. Religion is free. Knowledge reaches, or may reach, every home. What fairer prospect of success could be presented ? What means more adequate to accomplish the sublime end ? What more is necessary than for the people to preserve what they themselves have created ? Can it be that America can betray herself ? — that she is to be added to the catalogue of republics the inscription of whose ruin is, "They were, but are not." Forbid it, my countrymen ! Forbid it, Heaven !

EX. 3. — THE CAPTAIN'S STORY. — *Dickens.*

NOW, there is a story, once told me by a friend of mine, which seems to my mind to have a certain application. My friend was an American sea-captain, and therefore it is quite unnecessary to say his story was quite true. He was captain and part owner of a large American merchant liner. On a certain voyage out, in exquisite summer weather, he had for cabin passengers one beautiful young lady and ten more or less beautiful young gentlemen. Light winds or dead calms prevailing, the voyage was slow. They had made half their distance when the ten young gentlemen were all madly in love with the beautiful young lady. They had all proposed to her, and bloodshed among the rivals seemed imminent, pending the young lady's decision. In this extremity the beautiful young lady confided in my friend the captain, who gave her discreet advice. He said, "If your affections are disengaged, take that one of the young men whom you like the best, and settle the question." To this the beautiful young lady made reply, "I can't do that, because I like them all equally well." My friend, who was a man of resource, hit upon this ingenious expedient; said he, "To-morrow morning, when lunch is announced, do you plunge boldly overboard, head foremost. I will be alongside in a boat to rescue you, and take the one of the ten who rushes to your rescue, and then you can afterwards have him." The beautiful young lady highly approved, and did accordingly. But, after she plunged in, nine out of the ten more or less beautiful young gentlemen plunged in after her; and the tenth remained and shed tears, looking over the side of the vessel. They were all picked up and restored, dripping, to the deck. The beautiful young lady, upon seeing them, said, "What

am I to do? See what a plight they are in. How can I possibly choose, because every one of them is equally wet?" Then said my friend the captain, acting under a sudden inspiration, "Take the dry one." I am sorry to say that she did so, and they lived happy ever afterwards.

Ex. 4. — THE QUEEN OF FRANCE. — *Burke*.*

IT is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in, glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendor and joy. O, what a revolution! What a heart I must have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. The glory of Europe is extinguished forever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone.

* This extract is from a celebrated essay by the great English orator and statesman, Edmund Burke, and relates to the execution of Marie Antoinette. The scholar will often see and hear references to the famous sayings to be found in the extract concerning the "age of chivalry" and the "cheap defence of nations."

It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.

EX. 5. — THE IMPORTATION OF CHINESE. — *Wilson.*

I BELIEVE that God made man in his own image and of one blood. Wherever there is a man throughout God's heritage, I recognize him as a man belonging to the brotherhood of humanity, and I will protect and defend him. I will stand by his rights at any cost and at any sacrifice. Whether a man comes from Asia, Africa, Europe, or the isles of the seas, whatever be his language or his religion or his faith, if he comes to these United States I would throw over him the shield and protection of law. These people of China are brought here under labor contracts for long terms of years, by which the importers make fortunes. They have no interest in this country, and their labor is antagonized against the labor of the free people of the United States. The fact stands out before us, and we ought to correct it. We are warned of the baleful effects of the system by the experience of Peru, of the West India Islands, and of other countries. I want to break up this modern slave system. I want to extirpate it, and then let the Chinamen, like other men in the world, come here as individuals. Our country is open to all. A great many have come to this country that we would rather had stayed out of it. A great many bad people have come here, but with them a great many good people. All countries have aided in building up this great nation. If Chinamen choose to come here

on their own account, without these labor contracts, to cast their lot with the people of the United States, we must protect them, we must treat them as human beings, we must shield them from all harm. We must carry out our legitimate doctrines,—we must give the rights of American citizenship, for it is not the interest of this country to have any degraded classes among us. We believe in God's Holy Word. We believe our government was founded on the sublime doctrines of right: this we must carry out; this we must act upon. It then becomes our duty to put an end to this system that is casting over China—a country of cheap labor—a country of Paganism—a country with a civilization wholly distinct from our own—a drag-net, dragging these people together, and bringing them here as serfs. Respecting this question, it is not surprising, sir, that the workmen of this country should say and do foolish things. I would say to them, one and all, that while they look anxiously at the matter they should do right, they should be just, they should treat all who may come here as brethren having a common Father; but they should insist that the capital of this country should not make the tour of the globe to gather up the cheap labor of the world, and bring it here under labor contracts, to reduce their earnings, and take the bread from the mouths of their children.

**Ex. 6. — THE SCHOOLMASTER AND THE CON-
QUEROR. — Brougham.**

THE Conqueror moves in a march. He stalks onward with the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of war,"—banners flying, shouts rending the air, guns thundering, and martial music pealing, to drown the shrieks of the

wounded and the lamentations for the slain. Not thus the Schoolmaster in his peaceful vocation. He meditates and prepares in secret the plans which are to bless mankind; he slowly gathers round him those who are to further their execution; he quietly, though firmly, advances in his humble path, laboring steadily but calmly till he has opened to the light all the recesses of ignorance, and torn up by the roots the weeds of vice. His is a progress, not to be compared with anything like a march; but it leads to a far more brilliant triumph and to laurels more imperishable than the destroyer of his species, the scourge of the world, ever won. Such men — men deserving the glorious title of Teachers of Mankind — I have found laboring conscientiously, though perhaps obscurely, in their blessed vocation, wherever I have gone. I have found them and shared their fellowship in many countries. Their calling is high and holy; their fame is the prosperity of nations; their renown will fill the earth in after ages. Each one of these great teachers of the world, possessing his soul in peace, performs his appointed course; awaits in patience the fulfilment of the promises; and, resting from his labors, bequeaths his memory to the generation whom his works have blessed, and sleeps under the humble, but not inglorious, epitaph commemorating "one in whom mankind lost a friend, and no man got rid of an enemy."

Ex. 7. — DEATH OF GEORGE PEABODY. — *Winthrop.*

FAREWELL to thee, brave, honest, noble-hearted friend! The village of thy birth weeps for one who never caused her pain before. Massachusetts mourns thee as a son who has given new lustre to her historic page; and Maine, not unmindful of her joint inheritance

in the earlier glories of the parent state, has opened her noblest harbor, and draped her municipal halls with richest, saddest robes, to do honor to thy remains. New England, from mountain top to farthest cape, is in sympathy with the scene. This great and glorious nation, from the blue waters of the Atlantic to the golden shores of the Pacific, partakes of the pride of thy life and the sorrow of thy loss. In hundreds of schools of the desolated South the children even now are chanting thy requiem and weaving chaplets around thy name. In hundreds of comfortable homes, provided by thy bounty, the poor of the grandest city of the world even now are breathing blessings on thy memory. The proudest-shrine of old England has unlocked its consecrated vaults for thy repose. The bravest ship of a navy "whose march is over the mountain waves, whose home is on the deep," has borne thee as a conqueror to thy chosen rest, and as it passed from isle to isle and from sea to sea, in circumnavigation almost as wide as thy own charity, has given new significance to the great funeral orator of antiquity: "Of illustrious men the whole earth is the sepulchre; and not only does the inscription upon columns in their own land point it out, but in that also which is not their own there dwells with every one an unwritten memorial of the heart."

And now around thee are assembled not only surviving schoolmates, and old companions of thy youth, and neighbors and friends of thy maturer years, but votaries of science, ornaments of literature, heads of universities and academies, foremost men of commerce, the arts, politics, and religion, all eager to unite in paying such homage to a career of grand but simple beneficence as neither rank, nor fortune, nor learning, nor genius could ever have commanded. Nothing is wanted to give emphasis to thy example. Nothing is wanted to fill up the measure of thy fame.

But what earthly honor, what accumulation of earthly honors, shall compare for a moment with the supreme hope and trust which we all humbly and devoutly cherish at this hour, that when the struggles and the victories, the pangs and the pageants, of time shall be ended, and the great awards of eternity shall be made up, thou mayst be found among those who are more than conquerors, through Him who loved us! And so we bid thee farewell, brave, honest, noble-hearted friend of mankind.

EX. 8. — BRUTUS ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR. —

Shakespeare.

ROMANS, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent that you may hear. Believe me for mine honor, and have respect unto mine honor, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him! There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honor for his valor, and death for his ambition! Who's here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak! for him have I offended. Who's here so vile that would not love his country? If any, speak! for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

None? Then none have I offended! I have done no

more to Cæsar than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol ; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy ; nor his offence enforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the Commonwealth ; — as which of you shall not ?

With this I depart : That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Ex. 9. — OUR LOT AS AMERICANS. — *Seward*.*

IT was our lot to lead the way, — to take up the cross of Republicanism and bear it before the nations, — to fight its earliest battles, to enjoy its earliest triumphs, to illustrate its purifying and elevating virtues, and by our courage and resolution, our moderation and our magnanimity, to cheer and sustain its future followers through the baptism of blood and the martyrdom of fire. A mission so noble and benevolent demands a generous and self-denying enthusiasm. Our greatness is to be won by kindness without ambition. We are in danger of losing that holy zeal. We are surrounded by temptations. Our dwellings become palaces, and our villages are transformed, as if by magic, into great cities. Fugitives from famine and oppression and the sword crowd our shores, and proclaim to us that we alone are free, and great, and happy. Our empire enlarges. The continent and its islands seem ready to fall within our grasp, and more than even fabulous wealth opens under our feet.

* Mr. Seward is one of the few orators whose speeches seem, when read, the very perfection of ease, grace, and rhetoric.

No public virtue can withstand, none ever encountered, such seductions as these. Our own virtue and moderation must be renewed and fortified under circumstances so new and peculiar.

Where shall we seek the influence adequate to a task so arduous as this? Shall we invoke the press and the pulpit? Shall we resort to executive authority? Shall we go to the Congress? No: all are unable as agencies to uphold or renovate declining virtue. Where should we go but there, where all Republican virtue begins and must end, to the domestic fireside and humble school where the American citizen is trained? Instruct him there that it will not be enough that he can claim for his country heroism, but that more than valor and more than magnificence is required of her.

Go then, ye laborers in a noble cause, gather the young Catholic and the young Protestant alike into the nursery of freedom, and teach them there, that although religion has many and different shrines on which may be made the offering of a "broken spirit," which God will not despise; yet that their country has appointed only one altar and one sacrifice for all her children, and that ambition and avarice must be slain on that altar, for it is consecrated to HUMANITY.

EX. 10. — FATE OF THE INDIANS. — *Story.*

EVERYWHERE, at the approach of the white man, the Indians fade away. We hear the rustling of their footsteps, like that of the withered leaves of autumn; and they are gone forever. They pass mournfully by us, and they return no more.

Two centuries ago the smoke of their wigwams and the fire of their councils rose in every valley. The

shouts of victory and the war-dance rung through the mountains and the glades. The thick arrows and deadly tomahawk whistled through the forests; and the hunters' trace and the dark encampment startled the wild beasts in their lairs.

Where now are the villages, and warriors, and youth? the sachems, and the tribes? the hunters and their families? They have perished. They are consumed. The wasting pestilence has not alone done the mighty work. No,—nor famine, nor war. There has been a mightier power, a moral canker, which hath eaten into their heart-cores,—a plague which the touch of the white man communicated,—a poison which betrayed them into a lingering ruin. The winds of the Atlantic face not a single region which they may now call their own.

Already the last feeble remnants of the race are on their journey toward the setting sun. The ashes are cold on their native hearths. The smoke no longer curls round their lowly cabins. They move on with a slow, unsteady step. The white man is upon their heels, for terror or dispatch; but they heed him not. They turn to take a last look at their deserted villages. They cast a last glance upon the graves of their fathers. They shed no tears; they utter no cries; they have no groans.

There is something in their hearts which passes speech. There is something in their looks, not of vengeance or submission, but of hard necessity, which stifles both, which chokes all utterance. It is courage, absorbed in despair. They linger but for a moment. Their look is onward. They have passed the fatal stream. It shall never be repassed by them—no, never. They know and feel that there is for them still one remove farther, not distant, nor unseen. It is to the general burial-ground of their race.

EX. 11. — OUR FUTURE AND RESPONSIBILITIES.*

WHETHER among us thoughtfully loves his country must feel his heart glow as he reflects upon the necessities and the possibilities of his future. We are *forty* millions of people; we shall soon be *sixty, eighty*, and I believe that some of us younger scholars may yet see the number swell to *one hundred* millions.

Silently and in awe the mind contemplates the meeting of many races; the combats of religious creeds and sects; the struggles of conflicting political parties; the dangers and hopes; the possible failure and ruin; the probable triumph and glory of the Republic, — which shall it be? How can we, just entering life, listen to the hum and roar of the grand future coming down upon us, without leaping up as hearing in it our country's call?

Thirty years hence, our fathers will have passed from the stage, and we in their place must take hold of the nation with its mighty labors and problems. Shall we be better fitted for this than they? Worldly prosperity will not fit us, nor mere learning endow us, for the proper fulfilment of our responsibilities.

Nations more magnificent in all this than we can hope to be for many generations to come have fallen headlong into ruin. The future will demand strong men and noble women, who will be ready to live for something besides their own personal enjoyments and pleasures. Eating and drinking are good in their way, but he who lives for these alone is very low in the scale. The delights of scholarship, the pleasures and luxuries of life, are good; but the man who cares only for these has

* This piece will answer very well for a valedictory, and should be spoken by an intelligent boy who understands and appreciates the subject and the occasion.

missed the true culture, and is very far from the ideal man of the future.

The necessities of the near future will put discredit upon the assumed gentleman, however refined and cultured though he be, who turns aside from the great political and social tasks of the day.

It is impossible to look for prosperous churches and schools in a country torn by faction and ruled by corrupt mobs. It is equally impossible to suppose a free, happy nation, wisely governed, and rapidly progressing, while the best product of the nation's culture treat the political necessities of humanity as unfitted to their tastes and duties.

Let us, going out from our schools to begin the life before us, give our attention to all matters concerning the safety and welfare of the state, and so grow up that when the time comes for us to enter upon the grave responsibilities of a citizen, we may be prepared to confidently undertake them under the honest conviction, that, next to the worship of God, there are no higher, no more honorable duties than those peculiar to the American citizen.

EX. 12. — OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS. — *Gerard.*

IN the present day there is much to learn in the natural and social changes of the world. This age is full of excitement. There are physical, political, and moral earthquakes that shake the earth on which we live and the society in which we move. Empires are being overturned, kings and princes driven from their thrones; and we realize that history is repeating itself in the rise and fall of empire.

The profession of the teacher, however far from the

disturbing elements of worldly action, is one of great pleasure and interest. He can take the telescope and scan the heavens by night, and study the beautiful worlds that are rolling over his head. Let him chase the comet in his fiery path around the sun, and mark the sister planets with their borrowed light as they wander among the stars. Let him watch the moon, ever changing to the view, from its first appearance as a silver thread, to the glory of its full round silver orb, and thus study the great Omnipotent who made the beautiful clock-work in the heavens, whose machinery marks time for our world.

Let him take the spade, and from the books dig down into the earth where God has hidden among the rocks the caskets which contain his beautiful jewels, and study the great secrets of nature in the mysterious world beneath our feet. Let him take his geography and maps and travel with the scholars in foreign lands, call up the history of nations long since passed away, and now only studied as the ruins of empire; let him review the grand physical features of the earth, its seas, rivers, mountains, and valleys, the ruins of ancient cities, with the romance of their history, their manners, customs, and laws.

The doors of our attractive school-houses are open to receive, without money and without price, the children, not only of the native, but of all immigrants, no matter from what part of the world they come, or what language they speak, no matter what is their social condition, or their religion. The doors are open to all denominations; the Protestant, the Catholic, the Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Methodist, and Baptist, all meet on a neutral ground, and they acquire as good a practical education as any boarding or day school in this or any country can afford.

In any discussion relative to the merits of the public schools, remember that universal intelligence is the bulwark of a republic; and if you will have *universal suffrage*, you must have its antidote, — *universal education*.

Now, there is one hour in the day which is sacred in the great city of New York, and which is enough to redeem it from much of its wickedness. As the city bells in the morning toll out the hour of nine, a hundred thousand children are engaged in prayer in more than a hundred lofty buildings; a hundred thousand tongues, with eyes cast upward to the skies, are repeating in solemn, subdued accents, that beautiful prayer to God which our Saviour taught on earth; a hundred thousand voices pour forth a solemn chant in praise of the great Creator who has given them the light of another day; and the sweet music of children's voices in strains of solemn music is more acceptable to heaven than incense thrown from silver censer. There is sublimity in the thought.

Ex. 13. — VIRTUE AND POVERTY. — Dickens.

IT is not easy for a man to speak of his own books. I dare say that few persons have been more interested in mine than I, and if it be a general principle in nature that a lover's love is blind, and that a mother's love is blind, I believe it may be said of an author's attachment to the creatures of his own imagination, that it is a perfect model of constancy and devotion, and is the blindest of all.

But the objects and purposes I have had in view are very plain and simple, and may be easily told. I have always had, and always shall have, an earnest and true desire to contribute, as far as in me lies, to the common

stock of healthful cheerfulness and enjoyment. I have always had, and always shall have, an invincible repugnance to that owl-eyed philosophy which loves the darkness, and winks and scowls in the light.

I believe that Virtue shows quite as well in rags and patches, as she does in purple and fine linen. I believe that she and every beautiful object in external nature claims some sympathy in the breast of the poorest man who breaks his scanty loaf of daily bread. I believe that she goes barefoot as well as shod. I believe that she dwells rather oftener in alleys and by-ways than she does in courts and palaces, and that it is good and pleasant and profitable to track her out and follow her.

I believe that to lay one's hand upon some of those rejected ones whom the world has too long forgotten and too often misused, and to say to the proudest and most thoughtless, "These creatures have the same elements and capacities of goodness as yourselves, they are moulded in the same form, and made of the same clay; and, though ten times worse than you, may, in having retained anything of their original nature amidst the trials and distresses of their condition, be really ten times better," — I believe that to do this is to pursue a worthy and not useless vocation.

Ex. 14. — WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY. — Webster.

THIS day is the anniversary of the birth of Washington. It is celebrated from one end of this land to the other. The whole atmosphere of the country is, this day, full of his praise. The hills, the rocks, the groves, the vales, and the rivers resound with his fame. All the good, whether learned or unlearned, high or low, rich or poor, feel this day that there is one treasure common to them all, and that is the fame of Washington.

They all recount his deeds, ponder over his principles and teachings, and resolve to be more and more guided by them in the future.

To the old and the young, to all born in this land, and to all whose preferences have led them to make it the home of their adoption, Washington is an animating theme. Americans are proud of his character. All exiles from foreign shores are eager to join in admiration of him. He is this day, here, everywhere, all over the world, more an object of regard than on any former day since his birth. By his example and under the guidance of his precepts will we and our children uphold the Constitution. Under his military leadership our fathers conquered their ancient enemies, and under the outspread banner of his political and constitutional principles will we conquer now.

To that standard we shall adhere, and uphold it under evil report and under good report. We will sustain it, and meet death itself, if it come. We will ever encounter and defeat error, by day and by night, in light or in darkness, — thick darkness, if it come, — till

“Danger’s troubled night is o’er
And the star of peace return.”

Ex. 15. — DEVELOPMENT OF AMERICAN INDUSTRY.


A T the foundation of national greatness lies the peculiar genius of each people, — the spirit transmitted to them by their ancestors, and modified by the circumstances of soil, climate, education, religion, society. From this point begins all national progress, all the development of spiritual and material existence which is within the reach of a nation’s bent and capacity. And in this work it stands alone, and must so stand,

jealous for its rights, resolute in self-defence, determined for its honor and prosperity, confident in its own capacity to reach the highest attainment.

In a struggle like this it may be involved in contests and controversies ; it may find rivals ; it may be invaded. But it will gather strength from the strife, and be enabled to gain a position which will entitle it to respect, and make it worthy to join hands with all the great empires which are strong enough to reach the loftiest social and civil elevation.

How bravely has our own country toiled on thus far to this end ! Born to an inheritance of great virtues and the greatest opportunities, it has exhausted all its best thought, wearied its most untiring enterprise, vexed the very earth itself, invaded all oceans, and waded through seas of blood, for the accomplishment of its high mission. This mission stands out grandly as the establishment in the world of the American Government, American Industry, American Law, American Progress, American Power, American Genius.

Possessed of a theory of government hitherto unknown and untried, the custodian of that civil system in which human rights are sacredly recognized, and in which human equality is a fundamental law, it is our business as a people to Americanize all who seek protection beneath our flag, and share with us our trials and our prosperity. Let England work out her own problem, and be English still. Let France solve hers, if she can, and God grant that she may solve it to the advancement of civilization and the gain of humanity ! Let the nations learn of one another. Let us hope that all of them may unite in a peaceful struggle for that high and prosperous civilization in which all the best thought and enterprise of which man is capable will find scope and recognition.



We fear, however, this happy ideal will never be realized. Awaiting it, we must accept man as he is, and nations as they are, believing in the power of all to work out their own salvation. Arrogating to ourselves nothing but the same great opportunity which we would have all enjoy, we are bound by every consideration of national honor and wisdom to see to it that our own interests and industries are developed until our national success shall compel all men to believe in our national design.

Ex. 16. — THE SOUTH.

THE South, — the bright, sunny South, — the illustrious birthplace of Washington and Jackson, — the native land of the orange, the magnolia, and the mocking-bird, — where harsh winter never comes, and where cool and gentle sea-breezes forever fan the summer days! Her soil never wearies in fertility, her temperature never repels productive nature, her rivers stretch unfrozen in quiet magnificence to the sea, and her commerce is floated on almost every side by the murmuring ripples of the ocean wave. Who that has ever sojourned within her borders does not fondly remember the ancient hospitality of her people, the plenty and beauty of her productions, and the exhilarating influence of her genial climate? And who can now turn to her romantic history without feelings of admiration, pity, and kindness? Who does not love her the more for all the trials she has passed, and for the splendid future before her? Though the desolation of war swept over her social fabric, though her fences were broken down, her fields given up to rank weeds, her houses burned, her families and kindred broken up and dispersed, yet bravely and

nobly has she borne all her misfortunes. Her throes have been to her but as that second birth of the purer Christian life which never dies. Fairer cities will spring from the ashes of the old ; richer and ampler fields will whiten with the vegetable fleece ; wider fields of cane will rustle in the night-wind, like rushing waters, and send their sweetness to every clime ; schools, factories, and effective implements will crowd into the land ; the clumsy log-cabin will give place to the tasteful and comfortable mansion ; ancient feuds will be forgotten in the midst of general prosperity and happiness ; and a people who fought so bravely for their political principles will prove to the world that they still possess all the elements of a progressive, bright, moral, and enduring nation.

Ex. 17. — THE SONS OF NEW ENGLAND. — *Loring.*

NINE TENTHS of our people, perhaps more, are toiling on the land, or on the sea, in the workshops, in the professions, in all educational institutions, to furnish themselves and their families with subsistence, to create the material wealth of the community, and to elevate, and refine, and organize, and save society. To the productive and cultivating power of these classes everything else stands secondary. To them every avenue is open. From this great multitude spring, in each succeeding generation, the foremost men, who accomplish for us in every service the great results.

It is our laborers who become our inventors, anxious to relieve the burdens and quicken the capacity of toil. It is they who, step by step, advance from the simplest, commonest service up to the highest positions in all the great enterprises which make up our busy life. They

build, and organize, and rise into the control of our rail-roads; they conduct our mills; they guide our ships; they open the paths for capital; they fill our schools; they apply their ingenuity to the soil; they legislate for us; they rise into the highest seats of power.

The farmer's boy,* to whom neither academy nor college was ever opened, spends his youth in clearing the forests, and his manhood in guiding the councils of his country through a great war. A young village merchant† becomes Secretary of the Treasury, and upon his integrity and sagacity the country implicitly relies. The highest judicial officer‡ in the land once labored on the soil. From our work-shops and farms sprang the heroes of the war. And all over the land stand the tasteful and elegant abodes of those who toiled with their own hands to lay the foundation of their prosperity, — of those who have not forgotten to cultivate themselves as they have progressed, and who remember the intellectual and moral and religious wants of the rising generation.



Ex. 18. — THE MERCHANT. — *Sumner.*

YES, sir! say what you will, this is the day of the merchant. As in early ages war was the great concern of society, and the very pivot of power, so is trade now; and as the chiefs of old were the notables, — placed at the very top of their time, so are the merchants now. All things attest the change. War, which was once the universal business, is now confined to a few; once a daily terror, it is now the accident of an age.

Not for adventures of the sword, but for trade, do men descend upon the sea in ships, and traverse broad continents on iron pathways. Not for protection against vio-

* Lincoln.

† Boutwell.

‡ Chase.

lence, but for trade, do men come together in cities and rear the marvellous superstructure of social order. If they go abroad, or if they stay at home, it is trade that controls them, without distinction of persons.

Here at least, in our country, every man is a trader. The physician trades his benevolent care; the lawyer trades his ingenious tongue; the clergyman trades his prayers; and trade summons from the quarry the choicest marble and granite to build its capacious homes, displaying warehouses which outdo the baronial castle, and salesrooms which outdo the ducal palace.

There are now European bankers who vie in power with the dukes and princes of other days; and there are traffickers everywhere whose title comes from the ledger and the desk,—fit successors to counts and barons. As the feudal chief took to himself and his followers the soil, which was the prize of his strong arm; so now the merchant, with a grasp more subtle and reaching, takes to himself and followers all the spoils of every land, triumphantly won by trade.

At this moment, especially in our country, the merchant more than any other character stands in the very boots of the old feudal chief; of all pursuits or relations, his is now the most extensive and formidable, making all others its tributaries, and bending at times even the lawyer and the clergyman to be its dependent stipendiaries.

Ex. 19. — THE WORKINGMEN. — *Boutwell.*

IT is eminently true that the laboring classes in a country like this can profit by nothing except justice. There may be other classes of men who from position or wealth, or from other surroundings, may gain temporary advantages over their fellow-men by a system of injus-

tice and wrong; but the man who labors with his own hands to maintain a family by the sweat of his own brow is interested in nothing so much as justice. For how can he ask justice of the officers of the government, of his fellow-men, if he denies justice in the performance of the duties that devolve upon him?

His interest is in wise laws, honestly administered by faithful public servants, who do their duty under all circumstances; and, above all, it is his interest in laying a firm and deep foundation of the government under the universal system of public instruction. And so long as in Pennsylvania, New York, and New England, in the great Valley of the Mississippi, and upon the slopes of the Pacific, shall be and remain the system of Public Instruction, supported at the public expense, unto which are brought for education the children of the rich and of the poor, where justice is taught as the supreme law of individuals and public life, this nation will remain; it will prosper; it will advance. It will be the guide to the nations of the earth; and if, in the performance of this duty, we falter, there is no security.

It is only by general intelligence, by individual virtue, aggregated and made powerful, that the government, with the rights of the people, can be secure. Laboring men, see that the means of education are furnished to your children and the children of the whole people. Inculcate justice; recognize the great doctrines of independence, that not some, but all men are created equal. Recognize and act upon these great principles, and nothing can shake your government.

Neither the repose of peace can weaken nor the shock of war disturb it. It is more powerful in the intelligence and virtue of the people than any other nation can be. Rule, laboring men, the land in which you dwell, but rule under principles of virtue, guided by intelligence.

Ex. 20. — THE REFORMER. — *Greeley.**

THOUGH the life of the reformer may seem rugged and arduous, it were hard to say considerably that any other were worth living at all. Who can thoughtfully affirm that the career of the conquering, desolating, subjugating warrior; of the devotee of gold, or pomp, or sensual joys; the monarch in his purple, the miser by his chest,—is not a libel on humanity, and an offence against God?

But the earnest, unselfish reformer, born into a state of darkness, evil, and suffering, and honestly striving to displace these by light and purity and happiness, may fall and die, as so many have done before him, but he cannot fail. His vindication shall gleam from the walls of his hovel, his dungeon, his tomb; it shall shine in the radiant eyes of uncorrupted childhood, and fall in blessings from the lips of high-hearted generous youth.

As the untimely death of the good is our strongest moral assurance of the resurrection, so the life wearily worn out in a doubtful and perilous conflict with wrong and woe is our most conclusive evidence that wrong and woe shall vanish forever.

Life is a bubble which any breath may dissolve; wealth or power a snow-flake, melting momentarily into the treacherous deep, across whose waves we are floated on to our unseen destiny; but to have lived so that one less orphan is called to choose between starvation and infamy, one less slave feels the lash applied in mere wantonness or cruelty,—to have lived so that some eyes of those whom fame shall never know are brightened

* Mr. Greeley as a writer and speaker of the purest and tersest English is an excellent model for all who would speak and read well.

and others suffused at the name of the beloved one, so that the few who knew him truly shall recognize him as the bright, warm, cheering presence, which was here for a season, and left the world no worse for his stay in it; — this is surely to have really *lived*, and not wholly in vain.

Ex. 21. — A VALEDICTORY ADDRESS. — *Oliver Optic.**

FELLOW-SCHOLARS: Another year of our school life is finished, and many of us have come to-day for the last time. But whether we go or stay we shall all find abundant cause to remember our school with gratitude. Day after day we have assembled here, and the associations which cluster around this place — more vivid in our minds to-day than ever before — can never be forgotten. They will go with us through life, and form an important part in the individual experience of each one of us.

The events of this day and of the past school days are to be remembered and recalled with pleasure, perhaps with pride, when we have passed far down into the vale of years. As we hear the aged of to-day rehearse the scenes of their youth, so shall we revive the memories of our school when the battle of life has been fought, and we sit down to repose after the burden and heat of the day are passed. Then little incidents, which seem now hardly worth the telling, will possess a deeper interest, and will linger long and fondly in the imagination. To-day with its trials and its triumphs will be regarded as an epoch in the career of some of us; as a day worth remembering by all of us.

We cannot take leave of these familiar walls, and sunder the pleasant associations which have bound us

* From "Oliver Optic's Magazine."

together here, without acknowledging the debt of gratitude we owe to our school and to our teachers for their fostering care. We have too little experience of the duties and responsibilities of active life fully to understand and appreciate the value of the intellectual and moral training we have received in this place; but we know that we are the wiser and the better now for it. We know that without it we could achieve neither a moral nor a business success.

To many of us the education we have obtained here will be our only capital in beginning life; and, whatever of wealth and honor we may hereafter win in the world, we shall be largely indebted to our school for the means of success.

Let us, then, ever remember our school with affection and gratitude. We shall ever feel a noble pride in those who have so wisely and so generously placed the means of education within the reach of all. To the school officers of the present year, and to our teachers, we return our sincere thanks for their hearty and continued interest in our welfare.

And now, fellow-scholars, the class of this year will soon separate, never again to be united in the school-room. May prosperity and happiness attend both teachers and scholars in their future career!

Ex. 22. — THE DEATH OF LINCOLN. — *Burritt.*

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S was a great life; but his death was greater still,—the greatest, perhaps, that has moved the world for a thousand years. When he stood with his tender arms around the North and South, holding them to his heart, that both might soften theirs

at his spirit, his life work was done. Then began the sublime mission of his death.

While those sunken eyes were shining with the gladness of his soul at the glimpse given him, as to Moses on Pisgah's top, of the Canaan side of his country's future, in a moment their light was quenched forever on earth. An assassin pierced his brain as with a bolt of lightning and he fell; and great was the fall of that single man. With him fell a million enemies of his cause and country, at home and abroad.

If the last act of his life was to close the rift in a continent, the first act of his death was to close the chasm between two hemispheres. Never before was England brought so close to this country. In the great overflow of her sympathy the mother country was flooded and tided towards her first-born daughter, weeping at the bier of the great departed; and she bent over the mourner with words of tender condolence.

Blood is thicker than water; and the latent instincts of nature came forth in generous speech and sentiment towards a sorrowing nation.

Ex. 23. — OUR COUNTRY. — *Grimke.*

WE cannot honor our Country with too deep a reverence; we cannot love her with an affection too pure and fervent; we cannot serve her with an energy of purpose or a faithfulness of zeal too steadfast and ardent. And what is our country? It is not the East, with her hills and her valleys, with her countless sails, and the rocky ramparts of her shores. It is not the North, with her thousand villages and her harvest-home, with her frontiers of the lake and the ocean. It is not the West, with her forest-sea, and her

inland isles, with her luxuriant expanses clothed in the verdant corn, with her beautiful Ohio and her verdant Mississippi. Nor is it yet the South, opulent in the mimic snow of the cotton, in the rich plantations of the rustling cane, and in the golden robes of the rice-fields. What are these but the sister families of one greater, better, holier family, our country? -

Ex. 24. — A PATRIOT'S LAST SPEECH. — Emmet.*

LET no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor! Let no man attain my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence; or that I could have become the pliant minion of power in the oppression or miseries of my countrymen.

I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the domestic tyrant. In the dignity of freedom I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse.

Am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor and the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights, and my country her independence, — am I to be loaded with calumny and not suffered to resent it or repel it? No! God forbid!

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who are dear to them in this transitory life, O, ever dear and venerated shade of my

* Robert Emmet was a famous Irish patriot who suffered death at the hands of an English court for devotion to his country. The extract is from his speech to the court just previous to the sentence of death being passed upon him.

departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have ever for a moment deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now about to offer up my life.

My lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice. The blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim ; it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy for purposes so grievous that they cry to heaven.

Be yet patient ; I have but a few words to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave ; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished ; my race is run ; the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom ! I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world,—it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph ; for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done.

Ex. 25. — “NOW” AND “THEN.”

“**N**OW” is the syllable ever ticking from the clock of time. “*Now*” is the watchword of the wise. “*Now*” is on the banner of the prudent. Let us keep this little word always in our mind, and whenever anything presents itself to us in the shape of work, whether mental or physical, let us do it with all our might, re-

membering that now is the only time for us. It is, indeed, a sorry way to get through the world by putting off a duty till to-morrow, saying, "*Then* I will do it." No! this will never answer. "*Now*" is ours; "*then*" may never be.

EX. 26. — THE ADVANTAGES OF EDUCATION.

OF all the experiences which we shall have in life, of all the blessings which it shall please Providence to allow us to cultivate, there is not one which will breathe a purer fragrance, or which will bear a more heavenly aspect, than education. It will be a companion which no misfortunes can ever depress, no clime destroy, no enemy alienate, no despotism enslave; at home a friend, abroad an introduction, in solitude a solace, in society an ornament. It chastens vice, it guides virtue, it gives at once a grace and government to genius.

Without education what is man? A splendid slave, a reasoning savage, vacillating between the dignity of an intelligence derived from God and the degradation of passions participated with brutes, shuddering at the terrors of a hereafter, or embracing the horrid hope of annihilation. What is this wondrous world of his residence?

"A mighty maze, and all without a plan,"

a dark and desolate and dreary cavern, without wealth or ornament or order. But light up within it the torch of knowledge and how wondrous the transition!

The seasons change, the atmosphere breathes, the landscape lives, earth unfolds its fruits, ocean rolls in its magnificence, the heavens display their constellated canopy, and the grand animated spectacle of nature rises revealed before the educated, its varieties regulated and its mysteries resolved.

The philosophy which bewilders, the prejudices which debase, the superstitions which enslave, vanish before education. If man but follow its precepts purely, it will not only lead him to the victories of this world, but open the very portals of omnipotence for his admission.

Ex. 27. — THE WEST.

NOTHING is more evident than that the West will write the next page of American history. I believe this because the West is growing more rapidly than any other part of the country. The tens of thousands who emigrate from the poverty of the Old to the hopes of the New World, anxious to build a home at once, naturally gravitate to that vast territory which so enticingly invites any one who can level the forest and till the soil. They are a hardy class of men and women. Full of health and vigor, they somehow get into the spirit of the age at once; and so by means of the ploughs and rakes, the reaping and threshing machines, they are marching along the highway of industry to social position, patriotism, wealth. What a transformation from their surroundings in Europe!

So in a few years the log-huts on the river's bank have disappeared, and the thrifty, busy town builds its school-houses and its churches to attest its earnest and its hopeful work. The little village on the edge of the lake, through which, a century ago, a loaded team could scarcely find a safe passage, has become a huge and commanding city,* claiming the admiration of the world, and built not like Paris, by the command of imperious and profligate rulers, but by the royal will and generosity of a free and ambitious people.

* Chicago.

If with this immense commercial and industrial vigor, which attracts the young men of the whole country, there shall be interwoven the true spirit of Republican society and government; if a liberalism in politics, the liberalism which knows no local issues, which recognizes no geographical lines, but loves the whole country, from ocean to ocean, and from gulf to lakes, shall keep pace with this magnificent and rapid progress; and if, above all, a spirit of justice, morality, and pure religion shall crown the increasing power of the glorious West, — she will nobly fulfil her destiny.

We believe that the tide of humanity, which has already swept five hundred miles beyond the Father of Waters, will keep its onward course until it grazes its herds on the slopes of the Rocky Mountains. We can already hear the wind vibrating the wire that flashes our smiles and tears, our hopes and fears, to the Pacific shore; and we already hear the rattling of a train that starts from a New York depot, that winds through the vast belt of the continent, stringing all the great cities of the North upon the same line of light and love, waking the echoes in the city by the Golden Gate.

Ex. 28. — ELOQUENCE.

ELOQUENCE is not found alone in the assemblages of the people. We shall find it everywhere around us, if our hearts are rightly tuned to appreciate its melody. There is eloquence in a smile. It speaks the language of happiness; it tells of a warm and joyous heart; it whispers soft tales of love or friendship. There is eloquence in the flowers. They speak of heavenly love; how, when the Creator cursed the earth for man's disobedience, he left the flowers to bloom as the last

relics of Paradise, and the emblem of man's primeval innocence.

There is eloquence in the groves. Birds of gay and brilliant plumage skip from branch to branch, warbling their melodious lays of love, and speaking a language which ever finds an echo in the joyous heart of innocence and childhood. There is eloquence in music. Who has not felt it? Whose soul has never thrilled with sweet and gentle emotions as the voice of song stole softly over his slumbering senses, lulling them to repose by its soothing and heavenly melody? There is eloquence in the starry heavens. These effulgent gems, that glitter so brightly on the mantle of Night, tell us of God's omnipotence; how, when chaos reigned supreme, his voice sounded amid the fearful gloom of nature, and at his bidding darkness fled, earth sprang into life, revolving worlds began their ceaseless rounds, suns lit the firmament, and the "morning stars sang together for joy."

EX. 29. — THE FATHERS OF THE REPUBLIC.

THE Fathers of the Republic were men of whom the simple truth was the highest praise. They were sagacious, sober, and thoughtful. Most of them were of so calm a temper that they lived to extreme age; with one or two exceptions they were profound scholars, and studied the history of mankind that they might know man. They were so familiar with the lives and thoughts of the wisest and best minds of the past, that the writings they have left to us are preserved as a rich legacy of classic style. They held and taught that the conscience, and not the pocket, is the real citadel of a

nation, and that, when there is no moral right or wrong in political action, the wells are poisoned and the crops are rotten in the ground. Pure in thought, honest, upright, and patriotic, they undertook the gravest responsibilities men were ever called upon to face, and through many years of struggles, privations, and untold embarrassments, manfully worked out the results they had determined to accomplish, and laid the pillars of the grand superstructure of our Republic. They were Republicans in the true sense of the word, and their names should ever be remembered by us as models for our highest ambition.

EX. 30. — MY COUNTRY. — *Legare.*

SIR, I dare not trust myself to speak of my country with the rapture which I always feel when I contemplate her marvellous history. What is to be compared with it? On my return to it, after an absence of only four years, I was filled with wonder at all I saw and all I heard. I listened to accounts of voyages of a thousand miles in magnificent steamboats on the waters of those great lakes which but the other day I left sleeping in the primeval silence of nature, in the recesses of a vast wilderness; and I felt that there is a grandeur and a majesty in this irresistible onward march of a race, created as I believe, and elected, to possess and people a continent, which belong to few other objects, either of the moral or material world.

We may become so much accustomed to such things that they shall make as little impression upon our minds as the glories of the heavens above us; but looking on them lately as with the eye of the stranger, I felt that, far from being without poetry, as some have vainly

alleged, our whole country is one great poem. Sir, it is so ; and if there be a man that can think of what is doing, in all parts of this most blessed of all lands, to embellish and advance it, — who can contemplate that living mass of intelligence, activity, and improvement as it rolls on, in its sure and steady progress, to the uttermost extremities of the West, — who can see scenes of savage desolation transformed, almost with the suddenness of enchantment, into those of fruitfulness and beauty, crowned with flourishing cities, filled with the noblest of all populations ; — if there be a man, I say, that can witness all this, passing under his very eyes, without feeling his heart beat high, and his imagination warmed and transported by it, be sure, sir, that the raptures of song exist not for him ; he would listen in vain to the poet, telling a tale of the wars of the knights and crusaders, or of the discovery and conquest of another hemisphere.

Ex. 31. — THE STARS AND STRIPES. — *Everett.*

ALL hail to our glorious ensign ! Courage to the heart, and strength to the hand, to which, in all time, it shall be intrusted ! May it ever wave in honor, in unsullied glory and patriotic hope, on the dome of the Capitol, on the country's stronghold, on the tented field, and on the wave-rocked tempest !

Wherever, on the earth's surface, the eye of the American shall behold it, may he have reason to bless it ! On whatsoever spot it is planted, there may freedom have a foothold, humanity a brave champion, and religion an altar ! Though stained with blood in a righteous cause, may it never in any cause be stained with shame !

Alike when its gorgeous folds shall sport in lazy holiday triumphs on the summer breeze, and its tattered fragments be daily seen through the clouds of war, may it be the joy and pride of the American heart! First raised in the cause of right and liberty, in that cause alone may it forever spread out its streaming folds to the battle and the storm! Having been borne victoriously across the continent, and on every sea, may virtue and freedom and peace forever follow where it leads the way.

Ex. 32. — THE SPIRIT OF FREEDOM.

THE spirit of freedom draws the footsteps of the wild Indian to his wide and boundless desert-paths, and makes him prefer them to the gay saloons and soft carpets of sumptuous palaces. It is this that makes it so difficult to bring him within the pale of artificial civilization. Our roving tribes are perishing, a sad and solemn sacrifice, upon the altar of their wild freedom. They come among us and look with childish wonder upon the perfection of our arts and the splendor of our habitations; they submit with vexation and weariness, for a few days, to our burdensome forms and restraints, and then turn their faces to their forest homes, and resolve to push those homes onward till they sink in the Pacific waves, rather than not be free.

It is thus that every people is attached to its country just in proportion as it is free, no matter if that country be so poor as to force away its children to other and richer lands; yet, when the songs of those free homes chance to fall upon the exile's ear, no soft and ravishing airs ever thrilled the heart with such mingled rapture and agony as those simple tones. Sad mementos might

they be of want and toil ; yet it was enough that they were mementos of happy freedom.

And such an attachment is found in our own people to their native country. It is the country of the free ; it opens wide its hospitable gates to the oppressed of every land. Here may they find rest, as they surely find sympathy, though it may be saddened with many bitter remembrances !

Yes, let me be free ; let me go and come at my own will ; let me think and do and speak what I please, subject to no limit but that which is in accordance with freedom ; subject to no laws but the laws for the common good. No matter where my lot may be cast, my heart shall dwell

“ In my own, my native land.”

Here there is no oppression, no exaction of petty tyranny ; here there is liberty, — upon all the green hills, and amidst all the peaceful valleys, — there is freedom.

Let it be our hope and purpose to forever maintain this proud heritage for our country. And let us make our homes the homes of a nobler freedom, — of freedom from vice, from evil, from passion, from every corrupting bondage of the soul.

Ex. 33. — THE SCHOOLMASTER. — *Verplanck.*

THERE are prouder themes for the eulogist than the schoolmaster, but no theme can be more rich in desert, or more fruitful in public advantage. Who else is there, in the whole of our social system, of such extensive and powerful influence for the formation of the national character ? There is one other influence more powerful, and but one. It is that of mother. The forms

of a free government, the provisions of wise legislation, the schemes of the statesman, the sacrifices of the patriot, are as nothing compared with these. It is in the school of maternal tenderness that the kind affections must be first roused and made habitual, the early sentiments of piety awakened and rightly directed, the sense of duty and moral responsibility unfolded and enlightened. But next in rank and in efficiency to that pure and holy source of moral influence is that of the schoolmaster.

His occupation is laborious and ungrateful; its rewards are scanty and precarious. Obscure and inglorious as his daily occupations may appear to learned pride or worldly ambition, yet to be truly successful and happy he must be animated by the spirit of the same great principles which inspired the most illustrious benefactors of mankind. If he bring to his task high talent and rich acquirements, he must be content to look into distant years for the proof that his labors have not been wasted, that the good seed which he daily scatters abroad does not fall on stony ground and wither away, or among thorns to be choked by the cares, the delusions, or the vices of the world.

He must solace his toils with the same prophetic faith that enabled the greatest of modern philosophers, amidst the neglect or contempt of his own times, to regard himself as sowing the seeds of truth for posterity and the care of Heaven. He must assure himself against disappointment and mortification with a portion of that same noble confidence which soothed the greatest of modern poets when weighed down by care and danger and poverty, old age and blindness, still

" . . . in prophetic dream he saw
The youth unborn with pious awe
Imbibe each virtue from his sacred page."

Ex. 34. — AMERICAN CIVILIZATION.

AMERICAN civilization rose on the fresh sods of the wilderness. Its triumphs were secured by the severe exactions of skill, patience, and industry. Our fathers owed almost everything to this rigorous discipline. Cold and heat, sterile lands and scanty crops, swollen rivers and impassable mountains, poverty and suffering, barbarism hanging upon their borders and descending upon their habitations, tyranny in the mother country, absence of sympathy, and the loneliness of solitude made **MEN** of them.

Dangers abounded, difficulties were numerous and formidable. The climate was a foe, the savage was an enemy, the spirit of the savage was hostile. And yet to these restraints we owe the best lessons of American freedom, — to be prudent in foresight, sagacious in plans, resolute in peril, united in council, and untiring in exertions; to wait, and by waiting to triumph; to suffer, and by suffering to be strong.

The rigors of climate harden the muscles, and the toil of the fields braces the nerves. Summer night-dews and winter frosts impress the lesson of care and prudence, while forests and flood invite to danger and reward courage. Newfoundland fisheries and mountain clearings, the heights of Quebec and the wilds of the Alleghanies, conflicts with Frenchmen and surprises from Indians, train eye and hand for future need.

Different social castes, Cavalier and Spaniard, Quaker and Puritan, Frenchman and German, natives of hostile countries, antagonists in tastes and tempers as well as religion, all are fused into a common mass and a common citizenship. And as in chaos each discordant element was set free from the convulsive strife and

gathered to its domain; as the light leaped to the sky and sphered itself in perpetual beauty; as the waters chafed no more, laid themselves to rest in the hollows of the continents, and the winds, listening to the strain of the morning stars, soothed themselves into the gentle melody,—the earth all fair and the firmament all fadeless,—so here, beneath the same disposing Arm, another world arose from the deep of ages, and entered on the circuit of its shining.

Ex. 35. — THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. — *Victor Hugo.*

THIS century crowns the people and consecrates man; it proclaims light. In art it has all varieties of genius,—writers, orators, poets, historians, publicists, philosophers, painters, sculptors, musicians; majesty, grace, power, strength, brilliancy, depth, color, form, style. It reinvigorates itself at once in the real and the ideal, and carries in its hand these two thunderbolts, the true and the beautiful. In science it performs every miracle; it makes saltpetre out of cotton, of steam a horse, of the electric fluid a messenger, of the sun a painter; it opens on nature two windows, the telescope on the great, the microscope on the little.

It suppresses time, it suppresses space, it suppresses suffering; it writes a letter from New York to London, and it has the answer in ten minutes; it amputates a man's thigh while the man is smiling and singing. And this is not all it will do. Frontiers will vanish, barriers will retire, everything which is a wall around thought, around commerce, around industry, around nationalities, around progress, will crumble,—in spite of all obstacles it will rain books and journals everywhere.

Whatever may be the shames of the present instant.

CATHCART'S YOUTH'S SPEAKER.

Whatever may occur for the moment to suppress our enthusiasm, none of us will disown this magnificent epoch in which we live, the masculine age of humanity. Let us proclaim this aloud, let us proclaim it under all circumstances, this century is the grandest of centuries.

Ex. 36. — AN INDIAN'S SPEECH. — *Everett.*

WHITE man, there is eternal war between me and thee! I quit not the land of my fathers but with my life. In those woods where I bent my youthful bow I will still hunt the deer. Over yonder waters I will still glide unrestrained in my bark canoe. By those dashing waterfalls I will still lay up my winter's store of food. On these fertile meadows I will still plant my corn. Stranger, the land is mine! I understand not these paper rights, I gave not my consent when, as thou sayest, these broad regions were purchased, for a few baubles, of my fathers. They could sell what was theirs; they could sell no more.

How could my fathers sell that which the Great Spirit sent me into the world to live upon? They knew not what they did. The stranger came, a timid suppliant, few and feeble, and asked to lie down on the red man's bear-skin, and warm himself at the red man's fire, and have a little piece of land to raise corn for his women and children; and now he is become strong, and mighty, and bold, and spreads out his parchment over the whole, and says, "It is mine." Stranger, there is not room for us both. The Great Spirit has not made us to live together. There is poison in the white man's cup; the white man's dog barks at the red man's heels.

If I should leave the land of my fathers, where shall I

fly? Shall I go to the south and dwell among the graves of the Pequots? Shall I wander to the west? — the fierce Mohawk, the man-eater, is my foe. Shall I fly to the east? — the great water is before me. No, stranger; here I have lived, and here I will die! and if here thou abidest there is eternal war between me and thee. Thou hast taught me thy arts of destruction. For that alone I thank thee; and now take heed to thy steps; — the red man is thy foe. When thou goest forth by day, my bullet shall whistle by thee; when thou liest down at night, my knife is at thy throat.

The noonday sun shall not discover thy enemy, and the darkness of midnight shall not protect thy rest. Thou shalt plant in terror, and I will reap in blood; thou shalt sow the earth with corn, and I will strew it with ashes; thou shalt go forth with the sickle, and I will follow after thee with the scalping-knife; thou shalt build, and I will burn, till the white man or the Indian shall cease from the land. Go thy way for this time in safety; but remember, there is eternal war between me and thee!

EX. 37. — TEMPERANCE. — Yates.

THE man who is to legislate for a great country, to help make laws and constitutions involving the destinies of millions of human beings, ought to be a man of reflection, moral principle, integrity, and, above all, a sober man. Go into your legislative halls, State and national, and behold the drunkard staggering to his seat, or sleeping at his post, and ask yourself the question whether he is not more fit to be called a monument to his country's shame than the representative of freemen.

Would it not be most fearful to contemplate that ill-

fated epoch in the history of our country, when the demon of Intemperance shall come into our legislative halls without shame, remorse, or rebuke, — when he shall sit upon juries, upon the bench, and drunkenness run riot among the people? Who then will protect the Ship of State upon this maddening tide? Who will steer her onward course amid the dashing billows? who spread her starry flag to the free, fresh, wild winds of heaven? And now shall this puissant nation, Columbia, queen of the world and child of the skies, pause in her efforts when there is an enemy in our land more destructive than war, pestilence, and famine combined, which sends annually one hundred thousand men to untimely graves, makes fifty thousand widows, and three hundred thousand worse than widows; filling our prisons, our poorhouses, our lunatic asylums, and swelling to an untold extent the great ocean of human misery, wretchedness, and woe?

EX. 38. — THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

PAUSE for a while, ye travellers on earth, to contemplate the universe in which you dwell, and the glory of Him who created it. What a scene of wonders is here presented to your view! If beheld with a religious eye, what a temple for the worship of the Almighty! The earth is spread out before you, reposing amid the desolation of winter, or clad in the verdure of spring, — smiling in the beauty of summer, or loaded with autumnal fruit, — opening to an endless variety of beings the treasures of their Maker's goodness, and ministering subsistence and comfort to every creature that lives.

The heavens also declare the glory of the Lord. The sun cometh forth from his chambers to scatter the shades

of night, inviting you to the renewal of your labors, adorning the face of Nature, and as he advances to his meridian brightness, cherishing every herb and flower that springeth from the bosom of the earth. Nor, when he retires again from your view, doth he leave the Creator without a witness. He only hides his own splendor for a while to disclose to you a more glorious scene, — to show you the immensity of space filled with worlds unnumbered, that your imaginations may wander, without a limit, in the vast creation of God.

EX. 39. — INTEGRITY.

THERE is a rule for our guidance which we should adopt at the very offstart of our journey through life; it is coeval with human existence, and is written in every heart. It is Integrity. It is a capital which never depreciates with fluctuations, is never at a discount, but is a sure reliance in every vicissitude and trial. It points to honorable success in life's pilgrimage with unerring certainty, and is both sword and shield to him who would wage, with the true heart of manhood, the great battle of life.

What though the tempests howl, the storms beat, the lightnings flash, the thunders roar, and the angry ocean cast up its mire and dirt? he who holds fast to his integrity will outride the danger, and may laugh at the fury of the elements. His bow of promise will arch itself up again in the heavens, more beautiful than ever, as a living witness that truth can never die. The slaves of vice and the votaries of indolence and fraud may flourish for a season, but they are morally sure to perish; and when they have closed their ignoble existence, the devotees of truth will rise above their ruin,

like the flowers of spring upon the bleak desolations of winter.

Let us then decide here, at this time, to go forth into this broad field of labor and hope and reward and peril ! Let us be temperate, industrious, frugal, self-reliant ; and whenever temptation shall cross our pathway and seek to allure us, let us pause and reflect, and repeat this one word, which shall be a talisman, or charm, to shield and protect us from all evil, and bear us through life in safety ; and this word is — Integrity.

Ex. 40.—THE TRUE GLORY OF A NATION. — Whipple.

THE true glory of a nation is an intelligent, honest, industrious Christian people. The civilization of a people depends on their individual character ; and a constitution which is not the outgrowth of this character is not worth the parchment on which it is written. You look in vain in the past for a single instance where the people have preserved their liberties after their individual character was lost. It is not in the magnificence of its palaces, not in the beautiful creations of art lavished on its public edifices, not in costly libraries and galleries of pictures, not in the number or wealth of its cities, that we find a nation's glory.

The ruler may gather around him the treasures of the world, amid a brutalized people ; the Senate Chamber may retain its faultless proportions long after the voice of patriotism is hushed within its walls ; the monumental marble may commemorate a glory which has forever departed. Art and letters may bring no lesson to a people whose heart is dead.

The true glory of a nation is the living temple of a loyal, industrious, upright people. The busy click of

machinery, the merry ring of the anvil, the lowing of the peaceful herds, and the song of the harvest-home, are sweeter music than the pæans of departed glory or the songs of triumph in war. The vine-clad cottage of the hillside, the cabin of the woodsman, and the rural home of the farmer, are the true citadels of any country. There is a dignity in honest toil which belongs not to the display of wealth or the luxury of fashion. The man who drives the plough or swings his axe in the forest, or with cunning fingers plies the tools of his craft, is as truly the servant of his country as the statesman in the senate or the soldier in battle.

The safety of a nation depends not alone on the wisdom of the statesman or the bravery of its generals. The tongue of the statesman never saved a nation tottering to its fall; the sword of a warrior never stayed its destruction.

Would you see the image of true national glory, I would show you villages where the crown and glory of the people are in common schools, where the voice of prayer goes heavenward, where the people have that most priceless gift, faith in God.

Ex. 41. — WASHINGTON MONUMENT. — Winthrop.

THE widespread Republic is the true monument to Washington. Maintain its independence; uphold its Constitution; preserve its Union; defend its liberty; let it stand before the world in all its original strength and beauty, securing peace, order, equality, and freedom to all within its boundaries, and shedding light and hope and joy upon the pathway of human liberty throughout the world, — and Washington needs no other monument. Other structures may fitly testify our veneration for him:

this, this alone, can adequately illustrate his services to mankind.

Nor does he need even this. The Republic may perish; the wide arch of our Union may fall; star by star its glories may expire; stone by stone its columns and its capitol may moulder and crumble; all other names which adorn its annals may be forgotten;— but as long as human hearts shall anywhere pant, or human tongues shall anywhere plead, for a true, rational, constitutional liberty, our hearts shall inshrine the memory and our tongues prolong the fame of George Washington.

Ex. 42. — THE DIGNITY OF LABOR. — *Hall*.

THE dignity of labor! Consider its achievements! Dismayed by no difficulty, shrinking from no exertion, exhausted by no struggle, ever eager for renewed efforts in its persevering promotion of human happiness, “clamorous Labor knocks with its hundred hands at the golden gate of the morning,” obtaining each day, through succeeding centuries, fresh benefactions for the world.

Labor clears the forest, and drains the morass, and makes the wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose. Labor drives the plough, scatters the seed, reaps the harvest, grinds the corn, and converts it into bread, the staff of life. Labor gathers the gossamer web of the caterpillar, the cotton from the field, and the fleece from the flock, and weaves them into raiment, soft and warm and beautiful,— the purple robe of the prince and the gray gown of the peasant being alike its handiwork.

Labor, diving deep into the solid earth, brings up its long-hidden stores of coal to feed ten thousand furnaces, and in millions of habitations to defy the winter's

cold. Labor hews down the oak, shapes the timber, builds the ship, and guides it over the deep, plunging through the billows, and wrestling with the tempest, to bear to our shores the productions of every clime. Labor, laughing at difficulties, spans majestic rivers, pierces the solid mountain with its dark undeviating tunnel, blasting rocks and filling hollows. Labor draws forth its delicate iron thread, and stretching it from city to city, from continent to continent, through mountains and beneath the sea, realizes more than fancy ever fabled, while it constructs a chariot on which speech may outstrip the wind, compete with the lightning, and fly as rapidly as thought itself.

Labor seizes the thoughts of Genius, the discoveries of Science, the admonitions of Piety, and, with its magic types, impressing the vacant page, renders it pregnant with life and power, perpetuating truth to distant ages, and diffusing it to all mankind. Who, contemplating such achievements, will deny that there is dignity in Labor?

Ex. 43. — PURITY OF CHARACTER. — Beecher.

OVER the plum and apricot there may be seen a bloom and beauty more exquisite than the fruit itself,—a soft, delicate flush that overspreads its blushing cheek. Now, if you strike your hand over that, and it is once gone, it is gone forever; for it never grows but once. The flower that hangs in the morning, impearled with dew, arrayed with jewels,—once shake it so that the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water over it as you please, yet it can never be made again what it was when the dew fell lightly upon it from heaven.

On a frosty morning you may see the panes of glass

covered with landscapes, mountains, lakes, and trees, blended in a beautiful fantastic picture. Now, lay your hand upon the glass, and by the scratch of your fingers, or by the warmth of the palm, all the delicate tracery will be immediately obliterated. So in youth there is a purity of character which, when once touched and defiled, can never be restored, — a fringe more delicate than frostwork, and which, when torn and broken, will never be re-embroidered.

A man who has spotted and soiled his garments in youth, though he may seek to make them white again, can never wholly do it, even were he to wash them with his tears. When a young man leaves his father's house, with the blessing of his mother's tears still wet upon his forehead, if he once loses that early purity of character, it is a loss he can never make whole again. Such is the consequence of crime. Its effects cannot be eradicated, they can only be forgiven.

Ex. 44. — THE AGE OF PROGRESS. — *Sumner.*

THE age of chivalry has gone. An age of humanity has come. The horse, whose importance, more than human, gave the name to that early period of gallantry and war, now yields his foremost place to man. In serving him, in promoting his elevation, in contributing to his welfare, in doing him good, there are fields of bloodless triumph, nobler far than any in which the bravest knight ever conquered. Here are spaces of labor wide as the world, lofty as heaven.

Let me say then, in the language once bestowed upon the youthful knights, Scholars, jurists, artists, philanthropists, heroes of a Christian age, companions of a celestial knighthood, "go forth. Be brave, loyal, and

successful!" And may it be our office to light a fresh beacon-fire sacred to truth! Let the flame spread from hill to hill, from island to island, from continent to continent, till the long lineage of fires shall illumine all the nations of the earth, animating them to the holy contests of knowledge, justice, beauty, love.

EX. 45. — EARNESTNESS.

THE principal element of success in every great undertaking is expressed by a single word; and that word is Earnestness. It contains the true secret of nearly all the wonderful successes which have astonished the world. It solves the problem of nearly all the heroes whose achievements are recorded on the pages of history, and whose names will live forever in the remembrance of mankind. Very few individuals have ever risen to any considerable distinction, and gained an enduring reputation, and left their mark upon the age in which they lived, who were not earnest men or earnest women.

The finest example of this noble characteristic that we read of in history is Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of America. Think of the disheartening difficulties and vexatious delays he had to encounter, — the doubts of the sceptical, the sneers of the learned, the cavils of the cautious, and the opposition of nearly all! And then the dangers of an untried, unexplored ocean. But he was earnest in his determination, and the wondrous achievement crowned his enthusiasm. What mind can conceive or tongue tell the great results which have followed, and will continue to follow in all coming time, from what this single individual accomplished? A continent discovered, and nations planted whose

wealth and power eclipse those of the Old World, and whose empires stretch far away beneath the setting sun !

And so it will ever be. Some men accomplish much in a short time. They are burning and shining lights. There is a point and power in all they think and say and do. They may have lived many years, they may have passed away quickly from the earth, but they have finished their work. They have left "footprints on the sands of time." Their bodies sleep in peace, but their names live evermore. They have lived long, because they have lived to some good purpose ; they have lived long, because they have accomplished the true ends of life by living wisely and well ; and

"That life is long which answers life's great end."

They have been earnest, persevering, resolute, and enthusiastic.

Ex. 46. — THE PRESENT AGE. — *Dr. Channing.*

THE present age ! In these brief words what a world of thought is comprehended ! what joys and sorrows ! what hope and despair ! what faith and doubt ! what silent grief and loud lament ! what fierce conflicts and intricate schemes of policy ! what private and public revolutions ! In the period through which many of us have passed, what thrones have been shaken, what hearts have bled, what millions have been butchered by their fellow-creatures, what hopes of philanthropy have been blighted !

And at the same time what magnificent enterprises have been achieved, what new provinces won to science and art, what rights and liberties secured to nations ! It is a privilege to have lived in an age so stirring, so

pregnant, so eventful. It is an age never to be forgotten. Its voice of warning and encouragement is never to die, Its impression on history is indelible.

Amidst its events, the American Revolution, the first distinct, solemn assertion of the rights of men, and the French Revolution, that volcanic force which shook the earth to its centre, are never to pass from men's minds. Over this age the night will indeed gather more and more as time rolls away; but in that night two forms will appear, Washington and Napoleon, the one a lurid meteor, the other a benign, serene, and undecaying star. There is, however, something greater in the age than its greatest men; it is the appearance of a new power in the world on that stage where as yet the few have acted their parts alone, and this influence is to endure to the end of time.

The glory of an age is often hidden from itself. Perhaps some word has been spoken in our day which we have not deigned to hear, but which is to grow clearer and louder through all ages. Perhaps some silent thinker among us is at work in his closet, whose name is to fill the whole earth. Perhaps there sleeps in his cradle some reformer who is to move the church and the world, who is to open a new era in history, who is to fire the human soul with new hope and new daring.

Ex. 47. — THE STREAM OF LIFE. — *Heber.*

LIFE bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides down the narrow channel, through the playful murmuring of the little brook and the winding of its grassy border. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are

happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us ;— but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty.

Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry passing before us ; we are excited by some short-lived disappointment. The stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs are alike left behind us.

We may be shipwrecked, but we cannot long be delayed ; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of its waves is beneath our feet, and the land lessens from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until of our farther voyage there is no witness save the Infinite and Eternal.

EX. 48. — THE GREAT WEST.

HAVE you seen that valley world in its wild luxuriance and glory, with its mountain barriers at east and west standing as sentinels to guard it from an unlawful approach ; with its chain of gigantic lakes upon the north, whose wedded waves lift up their nuptial salutation to the ocean in Niagara's roar ; and on the south a tropic sea to wash its coast ; traversed from north to south by a river unmatched among the streams of earth, sweeping as a royal conqueror along, receiving tribute from many a fair province and distant empire ? Have you seen it with its illimitable reaches of corn and cotton, as they ripen to fill the mouths of the world, and keep its back from nakedness ? Have you seen its inexhaustible mines of coal, iron, lead, and copper ; its

quarries of marble and fields of sugar? Have you seen the husbandman leading the merchant, the capitalist, and the manufacturer by the hand, bidding them possess this rich domain and enjoy it?

Upon a noble bluff of the Ohio River did the dreamer, John Fitch, first behold the vision of steam applied to navigation. Here is the prophecy of the seer receiving its amplest fulfilment. Here is that mightiest vassal of man's mechanical genius working its sublimest results. Here are fourteen sovereign States, with populous and thriving cities, almost the product of Aladdin's lamp, — with busy hoards of growing millions; with steamboats, railroads, magazines, and warehouses unnumbered; with mineral, agricultural, and commercial wealth beyond our power to estimate. Here is society starting on a higher plane than it has ever travelled, and man girding himself for a grander task than he has ever wrought.

EX. 49. — THE CONSTITUTION. — Bingham.*

I STAND here to-day for the Constitution as it is. I stand to-day with millions of my countrymen of every section of the Republic for the Constitution as it is. By all the dread memories of the past, by all the cherished hopes of the future, we are commanded to maintain intact that matchless form of civil polity, the Constitution of our common country; that country which has but one Constitution; that country which embraces every rood of the Republic, — the East with its rock-bound coast and its consecrated battle-grounds; the North, with its Keystone and its Empire States; the West, the boundless West, with its great rivers and inland seas, with its exhaustless hidden treasure and its fertile

* Mr. Bingham is one of the greatest of living American orators.

plains ; and the South, the beautiful sunlit South, with its gallant, generous people, with its sacred traditions and its holy graves, the sepulchres of our dead heroes, dead patriots, and dead statesmen. What are all these several sections but parts of our common country ; that country which is the common heritage of every citizen of the Republic, whether native or adopted.

Maintain the Constitution ! maintain it inviolate until it fulfils its sublime mission, until this goodly heritage of ours, slumbering between two great oceans that engirdle the world, shall be filled with free Commonwealths, in every one of which, without violence to any human being or any human habitation, every unjust fetter shall be broken, and every inherent right maintained.

Maintain the Constitution until our temple of civil and religious liberty shall be complete, lifting its headstone of beauty above the towers of watch and war, until all nations shall flee unto it, and its glory shall fill the whole earth.



DEMOSTHENES.



Ex. 50. — SALUTATORY. — *Oliver Optic's Magazine.*

KIND friends, upon our festal day
We greet you once again ;
And though the banquet we have made
Is humble fare, and plain,
Our hearts, filled full with gratitude,
Shall doubly welcome give ;
And friends will all our merits see, —
Will all defects forgive.

The day is full of joy to us
That crowns our closing year,
And brings with it the cheering smiles
Of friends whom we revere ;
For after months of weary toil,
With Wisdom's treasures won,
We gather new and needed hope
From smiles that say " Well done ! "

We know that you will sympathize
With all our hopes to-day ;

Nor "view us with a critic's eye,"
Nor things too nicely weigh.
We really don't expect to set
The river yet on fire,
Nor outdo Newton, Webster, Locke ;
We modestly aspire.

Whatever anxious friends expect
Of science, speech, or song,
Remember only little heads
To little forms belong.
Again, with open heart and hand
We warmly welcome you ;
And 't is the heart, and not the feast,
That makes the welcome true.

Ex. 51. — THE NEWS-BOYS.

ARE all your papers sold, Tom ?
Is all your labor done ?
Then let us to the open square,
To warm us in the sun, —
To warm us in the sweet kind sun,
To feel his kindling glow ;
For his kind looks are the only looks
Of kindness that we know.

We 'll call the sun our father, Tom ;
We 'll call the sun our mother ;
We 'll call each pleasant little beam
A sister or a brother.
He thinks no shame to kiss us,
Although we ragged go ;
For his kind looks are the only looks
Of kindness that we know.

We'll rest us on the grass, Tom ;
We'll upward turn our face ;
We'll lock his heat within our arms, —
Our arms in fond embrace.
We'll give him a sad parting tear
When he is sinking low ;
For his kind looks are the only looks
Of kindness that we know.

We'll tell him all our sorrows, Tom ;
We'll tell him all our care ;
We'll tell him where we sleep at night ;
We'll tell him how we fare ;
And then, O, then to cheer us
How sweetly he will glow !
For his kind looks are the only looks
Of kindness that we know.

Ex. 52. — A LITTLE GIRL.

A LITTLE girl I am indeed,
And little do I know,
Much help and care I yet shall need,
That I may wiser grow,
If I would ever hope to do
Things great, and good, and useful too.

But even now I ought to try
To do what good I may ;
God never meant that such as I
Should only live to play,
And talk and laugh, and eat and drink,
And sleep and wake, and never think.

Then let me try each day and hour
To act upon this plan ;
What little good is in my power,
To do it while I can.
If to be useful thus I try,
I may do better by and by.

Ex. 53. — JOHNNY LOST !

THERE was a big Policeman, and he had a wooden
staff,
And if he came to ask for you, I am sure you would not
laugh ;
But if he said " You come with me, and bid your friends
good by,"
I think you'd take your handkerchief and have a hearty
cry.

Now when our Johnny lost himself this big Policeman
came,
And, stooping to the little boy, says, " Tell me what's
your name.
Where do you live, my little man ? and whither would
you roam ? "
" My name is little Johnny, sir, and, please, I live *at
home.*"

Now this Policeman, big and strong, was gentle, bold,
and brave ;
And very kind indeed was he the little boy to save.
So, lifting Johnny in his arms, he told him not to cry,
And he took him to the station-house to wait till by and
by.

Now when the mother missed her boy she ran I don't
know where;
She asked for little Johnny here, and she hunted for him
there,
But she asked and hunted all in vain till the Policeman
came his round;
"Go to the station-house," says he, "and you'll find
him safe and sound."

So to the station-house she ran, to see her wandering boy,
And when she saw him safe and sound she almost cried
for joy.
And she thanked the kind Policeman there, because her
boy was found,
And she thanked the big Policeman that had kept him
safe and sound.

Ex. 54. — DO YOUR BEST.

DO your best, — your very best,
And do it every day;
Little boys and little girls,
That is the wisest way.

Whatever work comes to your hand,
At home or at your school,
Do you your best with right good will;
It is a golden rule.

Still do your best, if but at taw
You join the merry ring;
Or if you play at battledoor,
Or if you skip or sing;

Or if you write your copy-book,
Or if you read or spell,
Or if you seam, or hem, or knit,
Be sure you do it well.

For he who always does his best,
His best will better grow ;
But he who shirks or slights his task,
He lets the better go.

What if your lesson should be hard,
You need not yield to sorrow ;
For him who bravely works to-day
His task grows light to-morrow.

Ex. 55. — BOYS' AND GIRLS' RIGHTS.

I N every land and continent,
Good people, bear in mind
How much is said about the rights
Of men and womenkind ;
And though we 're present everywhere,
And make a deal of noise,
There 's very little said about
The rights of girls and boys.

We want the right to use our eyes
And take in every sight,
To see, compare, and measure facts,
The length and breadth and height.
We want the right to use our tongues,
And keep them busy, too,
In asking questions every day,
And have them answered true.

When we do wrong, we want the right
To claim a day of grace, —
A household jury, if you will,
To sit upon our case, —
And not be punished for our faults
With sudden words and blows,
Enough to drive the goodness out
Through fingers and through toes.

We want to be respected, too,
And not be snubbed outright,
And put off with a careless word,
Because we're small and slight.
And when we take the Ship of State,
And throw by childish toys,
We'll make a law to regulate
The rights of girls and boys!

Ex. 56. — THE BEGGAR BABY.

PALE and weary, strangely old,
Wan with hunger, numb with cold,
Clothed in rags around it rolled,
Was this poor beggar baby.

Careless travellers going by
Walked around, lest, coming nigh,
They might hear the hungry cry
Of this poor beggar baby.

Rich men passed, and thought within,
“'T were well *that* life had never been”;
As though misfortune were a sin
For a poor beggar baby.

Only the pauper mother smiled,
Only the mother blessed the child,
And murmured love in accents mild
To that poor beggar baby.

But by and by *that* baby died,
And they buried it (on the pauper's side
Of the yard); only the mother cried
For that poor beggar baby,

Who used to cling to her lonely breast,
And kiss her cheek ere it sank to rest,
Like a little bird in a happy nest, —
Poor little beggar baby.

But, lo! beyond the pauper tomb
A wondrous light stole through the gloom,
And voices rang, "In heaven there's room
For that poor beggar baby."

And then, in garments white and new,
Upward the rank of angels through,
The radiant ransomed spirit flew;
Of that poor beggar baby.

Ex. 57. — LINES FOR AN EXHIBITION. — *Miss Priest.*

KIND friends and dear parents, we welcome you
here,
To our nice pleasant schoolroom and teachers so dear;
We wish but to show you how much we have learned,
And how to our lessons our hearts have been turned.

But we hope you'll remember we all are quite young,
And when we have spoken, recited, and sung,

You will pardon our blunders, which, as all are aware,
May even extend to the President's chair.

We seek your approval with hearty good-will,
And hope the good lessons our teachers instil
May make us submissive and gentle and kind,
As well as enlighten and strengthen our mind.

For learning, we know, is more precious than gold ;
But the worth of the heart's jewel ne'er can be told.
We'll strive, then, for virtue, truth, honor, and love,
And thus lay up treasures in mansions above.

Our life is a school-time ; and till that shall end,
With our Father in heaven for teacher and friend,
O, let us perform well each task that is given,
Till our time of probation is ended in heaven.

Ex. 58. — SIGNS OF RAIN.

THE hollow winds begin to blow ;
The clouds look black, the glass is low,
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs peep.
Hark ! how the chairs and tables crack !
Old Betty's joints are on the rack ;
Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry,
The distant hills are seeming nigh.
How restless are the snorting swine !
The busy flies disturb the kine ;
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings ;
The cricket, too, how sharp he sings !
Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
Sits wiping o'er her whiskered jaws ;

Through the clear stream the fishes rise,
And nimbly catch the incautious flies ;
The frog has changed his yellow vest,
And in a russet coat is drest ;
My dog, so altered in his taste,
Quits mutton-bones, — on grass to feast ;
And see yon rooks, how odd their flight !
They imitate the gliding kite,
And seem precipitate to fall
As if they felt the piercing ball.
'T will surely rain. I see, with sorrow,
I can't go home until to-morrow.

Ex. 59. — SNOW.

SNOW, snow everywhere, —
On the ground and in the air,
In the fields and in the lane,
On the roof and window-pane.

Snow, snow everywhere !
Making common things look fair, —
Stones beside the garden-walks,
Broken sticks and cabbage-stalks

Snow, snow everywhere !
Dressing up the trees so bare,
Resting on each fir-tree bough
Till it bends, a plume of snow.

Snow, snow everywhere !
Covering up young roots with care,
Keeping them so safe and warm,
Jack Frost cannot do them harm.

Snow, snow everywhere !
We are glad to see it here ;
Snowball-making will be fun
When to-morrow's work is done.

Ex. 60. — THE THREE COMPANIONS. — Mrs. Craik.

WE go on our walks together, —
Baby and Dog and I, —
Three merry companions,
'Neath any sort of a sky, —
Blue as her pretty eyes are,
Gray, like his dear old tail ;
Be it windy, cloudy, or stormy,
Our courage does not fail.

Sometimes the snow lies whitely
Under the hedgerows bleak ;
Then Baby cries, " Pretty, pretty !"
The only word she can speak ;
Sometimes two streams of water
Rush down the muddy lane ;
Then Dog leaps backwards and forwards,
Barking with might and main.

Baby's a little lady ;
Dog is a gentleman brave ;
If he had two legs as you have,
He'd kneel to her like a slave.
As it is he loves and protects her
As dog and gentleman can ;
I'd rather be a kind doggie,
I think, than a cruel man.

Ex. 61. — THE TRUTHFUL BOY.

ONCE there was a little boy
With curly hair and pleasant eye, —
A boy who loved to tell the truth,
And never, never told a lie.

And when he trotted off to school
The children all about would cry,
“There goes the curly-headed boy,
The boy who never tells a lie.”

And everybody loved him so,
Because he always told the truth,
That every day, as he grew up,
’T was said, “There goes the honest youth.”

And when the people that stood near
Would turn to ask the reason why,
The answer would be always this, —
“Because he never tells a lie.”

Ex. 62. — VACATION. — *Miss Priest.*

SAY, schoolmates, have you seen Vacation?
For I think she is somewhere near;
She is standing outside, with an invitation, —
O, I’m glad enough she’s here.

Of course we all like school in season,
And the hardest lessons too!
But I’d like to know if it stands to reason
We should work the whole year through?

Say, teacher, have you seen Vacation,
With a smile upon her face ?
She has come to bring you recreation ;
She is lingering round the place.

Of course you love the young idea
To be teaching how to shoot ;
But a look from you when she draws near,
Says, " That 's the idea to suit."

Say, parents, have you seen Vacation ?
Soon she comes to meet you ;
We 've the happiest home in all creation ;
We will make her welcome too.

Of course we 're glad to give you pleasure,
But our lessons now are done,
And we hope you 'll give us fullest measure
Of Vacation's sport and fun.

Ex. 63. — OUR SCHOOL.

THE primary school, with joy so full,
We love it more and more ;
Its precious hours refresh our powers
With strength unknown before.
Her truths from purest fountains brought,
And Wisdom's bright examples taught,
We are taught to read, to write and spell,
And do the parts assigned us well.

Our teacher true, we turn to you,
A guide beloved and kind ;
In youth and age on memory's page
Our thanks shall stand enshrined,

And when mid life's gay scenes we stray,
 Where duties call, where passions play,
 Your counsels wise shall ever rise,
 Like guards around the mind.

Committee kind, we're ever pleased
 To hear your gladsome voice,
 And fondly cling to truths you bring;
 They make our hearts rejoice.
 And when our youthful days are past,
 And years have each a lesson taught,
 We'll still remember, here in school,
 A cheering word you ever brought.

Ex. 64. — THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT. — *Lear*.

THE Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
 In a beautiful pea-green boat.
 They took some honey, and plenty of money
 Wrapped up in a greenback note.*
 The Owl looked up to the moon above,
 And sang to a small guitar,
 "O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love!
 What a beautiful Pussy you are —
 You are —
 What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl!
 How wonderful sweet you sing!
 O, let us be married, — too long we have tarried, —
 But what shall we do for a ring?"
 They sailed away for a year and a day
 To the land where the Bong-tree grows,

* In the original, "Five-pound note."

And there in a wood a piggy-wig stood
With a ring in the end of his nose —
His nose —
With a ring in the end of his nose.

“Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?” Said the Piggy, “I will.”
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon,
And hand in hand on the edge of the sand
They danced by the light of the moon —
The moon —
They danced by the light of the moon.

Ex. 65. — THE CHILD'S DESIRE.*

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that his hand had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
“Let the little ones come unto me.”

But still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above.

* A pretty piece for a little girl to repeat.

In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare
For all that are washed and forgiven ;
And many dear children are gathering there,
" For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Ex. 66. — THE SAILOR'S GRAVE. — *Eliza Cook.*

OUR bark was out far, far from the land,
When the fairest of our gallant band
Grew sadly pale, and waned away,
Like the twilight of an autumn day.
We watched him through long hours of pain ;
But our cares were lost, our hopes were vain.
Death brought for him no coward alarm,
For he smiled as he died in a messmate's arms.

He had no costly winding-sheet,
But we placed a round shot at his feet :
And he slept in his hammock as safe and sound
As a king in his lawn shroud, marble-bound.
We proudly decked his funeral rest
With the British flag about his breast ;
We gave him that as a badge of the brave,
And then he was fit for his sailor's grave.

Our voices broke — our hearts turned weak —
Hot tears were seen on the brownest cheek —
And a quiver played on the lips of pride,
As we lowered him down the ship's dark side.
A plunge — a splash — and our task was o'er :
The billows rolled as they rolled before ;
And many a rude prayer hallowed the wave
That closed above the sailor's grave.

Ex. 67. — THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER. — *Goldsmith.*

BESIDE yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
 With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
 There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
 The village master taught his little school.
 A man severe he was, and stern to view ;
 I knew him well, and every truant knew ;
 Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
 The day's disasters in his morning face ;
 Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
 Full well the busy whisper circling round
 Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
 Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault.
 The village all declared how much he knew,
 'T was certain he could write, and cipher too ;
 Lands he could measure, storms and tides presage,
 And even the story ran that he could gauge ;
 In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
 For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still ;
 While words of learned length and thundering sound
 Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;
 And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
 That one small head could carry all he knew.

Ex. 68. — BEING USEFUL.

I AM only quite a little girl,
 But once was smaller still ;
 I used to cobble up my work,
 And do it — O, so ill !

I can't quite thread my needle yet, -
They make the hole so small ;
Mother 's the only one that can,
For grandma can't at all.

And father says he can't see how
We women ever can,
The needles have such little eyes, —
But then he is a man !

The cradle I can rock, and sing,
And carry baby out
A little way, and then I let
Him creep and trot about.

I am but quite a little girl,
But I am useful too,
For mother says so ; I know how
Quite many things to do.

Ex. 69. — FOR A CHILD.

I AM very young ! but what of that ?
You once were young as I ;
And you don't know what I can do
Until you see me try.

I cannot tell you all I know, —
I guess I won't tell half ;
For if I should I'm very sure
You 'd only sit and laugh.

EX. 70. — THE FOX AND THE CAT.

THE Fox and the Cat, as they travelled one day,
With moral discourses cut shorter the way :
"T is good," said the Fox, "to make justice our guide!"
"How godlike is mercy!" Grimalkin replied.

As thus they proceeded, a Wolf from the wood,
Impatient from hunger and thirsting for blood,
Rushed forth, as he saw the dull shepherd asleep,
And seized for his breakfast an innocent sheep.

"T is in vain," cried the Wolf, "Mistress Sheep, that you
bleat.

When mutton 's at hand you know well I must eat."
The Cat was astounded, the Fox stood aghast,
To see the fierce beast at his cruel repast.

"What a wretch!" said the Cat; "what a bloodthirsty
brute,

To seize a poor sheep when there 's herbage and fruit!"
Cried the Fox, "With the acorns so sweet and so good,
What a tyrant this is to spill innocent blood!"

Then onward they went and discoursed by the way,
And with still more wise maxims enlivened the day,
And on as they travelled they moralized still,
Till they came where some poultry pecked chaff by a mill.

Then the Fox, without ceasing his sayings so wise,
Now snapped up a chicken by way of a prize;
And a mouse, which then chanced from her covert to
stray,
The thoughtful Grimalkin secured as her prey.

A Spider who sat in her web on the wall
Perceived the poor victims and pitied their fall ;
She cried, "Of such murders how guiltless am I !"
Then ran to regale on a new-taken fly.

Ex. 71. — I CAN AND I CAN'T. — *Our Young Folks.*

AS on through life's journey we go day by day,
There are two whom we meet each turn of the way,
To help or to hinder, to bless or to ban,
And the names of these two are, "*I can't*" and "*I can*."


"*I can't*" is a dwarf, a poor, pale, puny imp ;
His eyes are half blind, and his walk is a limp ;
He stumbles and falls, or lies writhing with fear,
Though danger is distant and succor is near.

"*I can*" is a giant ; unbending he stands ;
There is strength in his arm and skill in his hands ;
He asks for no favors : he wants but a share
Where labor is honest and wages are fair.

"*I can't*" is a coward, half fainting with fright ;
At the first thought of peril he sinks out of sight ;
Slinks and hides till the noise of the battle is past,
Or sells his best friends and turns traitor at last.

"*I can*" is a hero, the first in the field :
Though others may falter, he never will yield ;
He makes the long marches, he strikes the last blow,
His charge is the whirlwind that scatters the foe.

How grandly and nobly he stands to his trust
When roused at the call of a cause that is just !



He weds his strong will to the valor of youth,
And writes on his banner the watchword of Truth !

Then up and be doing ! the day is not long ;
Throw fear to the winds : be patient and strong !
Stand fast in your place, act your part like a man,
And, when duty calls, answer promptly, "*I can !*"

Ex. 72. — GOOD DESIRES. — *Montgomery.*

HIGHER, higher will we climb
Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country's story :
Happy when our welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper let us toil
In the mines of knowledge,
Nature's wealth and learning's spoil
Win from school and college ;
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward may we press
Through the path of duty ;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty ;
Minds are of celestial birth,
Make we then a heaven of earth.

Closer, closer let us knit
Hearts and hands together,

Where our fireside comforts sit,
In the wildest weather ; —
O, they wander wide who roam,
For the joys of life, from home !

Ex. 73. — THE ONLY COMFORTER. — Moore.

○ THOU ! who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee !
The friends who in our sunshine live
When winter comes are flown ;
And he who has but tears to give
Must weep those tears alone.
But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe !

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears
Is dimmed and vanished too ! —
Oh ! who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of Love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom
One peace-branch from above ?
Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray,
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day !

Ex. 74. — A SOFT ANSWER.

WHEN thy heart is sad and heavy,
When thy life is all misread,
Give not anger for injustice,
Give a gentle word instead.

When another's heart is hardened,
Say not "It is naught to me!"
Do thy best to heal the mischief,
Lest the sin should rest on thee.

Never speak in bitter scorning,
Seeking any heart to pain;
As the seed is, so the blossom, —
And the curse comes back again.

Ex. 75. — SEVEN TIMES ONE. — Ingelow.

THERE'S no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven.
I've said my "seven times" over and over, —
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, — so old I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done.
The lambs play always, — they know no better;
They are only one times one.

O Moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low.
You were bright — ah, bright — but your light is failing;
You are nothing now but a bow.

O velvet Bee ! you 're a dusty fellow, —
 You 've powdered your legs with gold.
O brave marsh Mary-buds, rich and yellow,
 Give me your money to hold !

O Columbine ! open your folded wrapper,
 Where two twin turtle-doves dwell !
O Cuckoo-pint ! toll me the purple clapper
 That hangs in your clear green bell !

And show me your nest, with the young ones in it, —
 I will not steal them away :
I am old ! you may trust me, linnet, linnet !
 I am seven times one to-day.

Ex. 76. — THE BIRD LET LOOSE. — Moore.

THE bird let loose in eastern skies,
 When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
 Where idle warblers roam ;
But high she shoots through air and light,
 Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight.
 Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from every care
 And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through Virtue's purer air,
 To hold my course to thee !
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
 My soul, as home she springs ; —
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
 Thy freedom on her wings.

Ex. 77. — THE STREET OF BY-AND-BY.

O SHUN the spot, my youthful friends ; I urge you to
beware !

Beguiling is the pleasant way, and softly breathes the air ;
Yet none have ever passed to scenes ennobling, great, and
high,

Who once began to linger in the street of By-and-By.

How varied are the images arising to my sight,
Of those who wished to shun the wrong, who loved and
praised the right !

Yet from the silken bonds of sloth they vainly strove to fly,
Which held them gently prisoned in the street of By-
and-By.

Then shun the spot, my youthful friends ; work on
while yet you may ;

Let not old age o'ertake you as you slothfully delay,
Lest you should gaze around you, and discover with a sigh
You have reached the house of "Never" by the street of
By-and-By.

Ex. 78. — LULLABY. — Tennyson.

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,

Low, low, breathe and blow,

Wind of the western sea !

Over the rolling waters go,

Come from the dying moon, and blow,

Blow him again to me ;

While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon ;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon ;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon ;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

Ex. 79. — THE SMACK IN SCHOOL. — *Palmer.*

A DISTRICT school, not far away,
Mid Berkshire hills, one winter's day,
Was humming with its wonted noise
Of threescore mingled girls and boys ;
Some few upon their task intent,
But more on furtive mischief bent,
The while the master's downward look
Was fastened on a copy-book ;
When suddenly, behind his back,
Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack !
As 't were a battery of bliss
Let off in one tremendous kiss !
" What 's that ? " the startled master cries ;
" That, thir," a little imp replies,
" Wath William Willith, if you pleathe, —
I thaw him kith Thuthanna Peathe ! "
With frown to make a statue thrill,
The master thundered, " Hither, Will ! "
Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,
With stolen chattels on his back,
Will hung his head in fear and shame,
And to the awful presence came, —

A great, green, bashful simpleton,
 The butt of all good-natured fun.
 With smile suppressed and birch upraised
 The threatener faltered, "I'm amazed
 That you, my biggest pupil, should
 Be guilty of an act so rude !
 Before the whole set school to boot —
 What evil genius put you to 't ?"
 "T was she herself, sir," sobbed the lad,
 "I did not mean to be so bad ;
 But when Susannah shook her curls,
 And whispered I was 'fraid of girls,
 And dursn't kiss a baby's doll,
 I could n't stand it, sir, at all,
 But up and kissed her on the spot !
 I know — boo-hoo — I ought to not,
 But, somehow, from her looks — boo-hoo —
 I thought she kind o' wished me to !"

Ex. 80. — THE QUARREL. — *Coleridge.*

A LAS! they had been friends in youth ;
 But whispering tongues can poison truth ;
 And constancy lives in realms above ;
 And life is thorny ; and youth is vain ;
 And to be wroth with one we love
 Doth work like madness in the brain.
 And thus it chanced, as I divine,
 With Roland and Sir Leoline !
 Each spoke words of high disdain
 And insult to his heart's best brother ;
 They parted, — ne'er to meet again !
 But never either found another
 To free the hollow heart from paining.

They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder ;
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

Ex. 81. — THE MOTHER'S LAST SONG. — *Barry Cornwall.*

SLEEP ! — The ghostly winds are blowing !
No moon abroad, no star is glowing ;
The river is deep, and the tide is flowing
To the land where you and I are going !
We are going afar,
Beyond moon or star,
To the land where the sinless angels are !

I lost my heart to your heartless sire
('T was melted away by his looks of fire),
Forgot my God, and my father's ire,
All for the sake of a man's desire ;
But now we 'll go
Where the waters flow,
And make us a bed where none shall know.

The world is cruel, the world is untrue ;
Our foes are many, our friends are few ;
No work, no bread, however we sue !
What is there left for me to do
But fly — fly
From the cruel sky,
And hide in the deepest deeps, — and die ?

Ex. 82. — IT NEVER COMES AGAIN. — *Stoddard.*

TH**ERE** are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pains,
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again

We are stronger and are better
Under manhood's sterner reign ;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth, with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain ;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
But it never comes again.

Ex. 83. — HANG UP HIS HARP. — *Eliza Cook.*

HIS young bride stood beside his bed,
Her weeping watch to keep ;
Hush ! hush ! he stirred not, — was he dead,
Or did he only sleep ?

His brow was calm, no change was there,
No sigh had filled his breath ;
Oh ! did he wear that smile so fair
In slumber or in death ?

"Reach down his harp," she wildly cried,
"And if one spark remain,

Let him but hear 'Loch Erroch's Side,'
He'll kindle at the strain.

"That tune e'er held his soul in thrall;
It never breathed in vain;
He'll waken as its echoes fall,
Or never wake again."

The strings were swept. 'T was sad to hear
Sweet music floating there;
For every note called forth a tear
Of anguish and despair.

"See! see!" she cried, "the tune is o'er.
No opening eye, no breath;
Hang up his harp; he'll wake no more;
He sleeps the sleep of death."

Ex. 84. — MR. LINCOLN'S FAVORITE.

O H! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smiles and the tears, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'T is the wink of an eye, 't is the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud, —
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Ex. 85. — THOU ART, O GOD. — Moore.

THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine!

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven, —
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes, —
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine!

Ex. 86. — FAREWELL, LIFE. — Hood.

FAREWELL, life ! my senses swim,
And the world is growing dim ;
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night, —
Colder, colder, colder still,
Upward steals a vapor chill ;
Strong the earthly odor grows, —
I smell the mould upon the rose !

Welcome, life ! the spirit strives !
Strength returns and hope revives ;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn, —
O'er the earth there comes a bloom ;
Sunny light for sudden gloom,
Warm perfume for vapor cold, —
I smell the rose above the mould !

Ex. 87. — THE BLIND BOY. — Cibber.

O H ! say what is that thing called Light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy ?
What are the blessings of the sight,
O, tell your poor blind boy !

You talk of wondrous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright ;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night ?

My day or night myself I make
Whene'er I sleep or play ;

And could I ever keep awake
With me 't were always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe ;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

• Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy ;
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

Ex. 88. — A SUMMER EVENING. — *Dr. Watts.*

HOW fine has the day been ! how bright was the
sun !

Hpw lovely and joyful the course that he run,
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,

And there followed some droppings of rain !
But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best ;
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian ; his course he begins,
Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears ; then he breaks out and shines,

And travels his heavenly way :

But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope, at the end of his days, .

Of rising in brighter array.

Ex. 89. — WHAT THE WINDS BRING. — *Siedman.*

WHICH is the wind that brings the cold ?
The north-wind, Freddy, and all the snow ;
And the sheep will scamper into the fold
When the north begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the heat ?
The south-wind, Katy ; and corn will grow,
And peaches redden for you to eat,
When the south begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the rain ?
The east-wind, Arty, and farmers know
That cows come shivering up the lane
When the east begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the flowers ?
The west-wind, Bessy ; and soft and low
The birdies sing in the summer hours
When the west begins to blow.

Ex. 90. — GOD'S LOVE TO US.

THERE 'S not a flower that decks the vale,
There 's not a beam that lights the mountain,
There 's not a shrub that scents the gale,
There 's not a wind that stirs the fountain,
There 's not a hue that paints the rose,
There 's not a leaf around us lying,
But in its use some beauty shows,
God's love to us and love undying !

Ex. 91. — LET ERIN REMEMBER. — Moore.

LET Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betrayed her ;
When Malachi wore the collar of gold
Which he won from her proud invader ;
When her kings, with standard of green unfurled,
Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger,
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve 's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining !
Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over,
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
For the long-faded glories they cover !

Ex. 92. — SPRING. — Anacreon.

BEHOLD the young, the rosy Spring
Gives to the breeze her scented wing
While virgin graces, warm with May,
Fling roses o'er her dewy way.
The murmuring billows of the deep
Have languished into silent sleep ;
And mark ! the fitting sea-birds lave
Their plumes in the reflecting wave ;
While cranes from hoary winter fly
To flutter in a kinder sky.

Now the genial star of day
Dissolves the murky clouds away,
And cultured field and winding stream
Are freshly glittering in his beam.
Now the earth prolific swells
With leafy buds and flowery bells ;
Gemming shoots the olive twine ;
Clusters bright festoon the vine ;
All along the branches creeping,
Through the velvet foliage peeping,
Little infant fruits we see
Nursing into luxury.

Ex. 93. — THE BIRDS' PICNIC. — *Cooper.*

THE birds gave a picnic ; the morning was fine ;
They all came in couples to chat and to dine.
Miss Robin, Miss Wren, and the two Misses Jay,
Were dressed in a manner decidedly gay.

And Bluebird, who looks like a handful of sky,
Dropped in with her mate as the morning wore by.
The Yellow-birds, too, — those were bundles of sun, —
With the brave Chickadees, came along to the fun.

Miss Phebe was there in her prim suit of brown ;
In fact, all the birds in the fair, leafy town.
The neighbors, of course, were politely invited ;
Not even the Ants nor the Crickets were slighted.

The Grasshoppers came, some in gray, some in green,
And covered with dust, hardly fit to be seen.
Miss Miller flew in, with her gown white as milk,
And Lady-Bug flourished a new crimson silk.

The Bees turned out lively, the young and the old,
 And proud as could be in their spencers of gold.
 But Miss Caterpillar, — how funny of her! —
 She hurried along in a mantle of fur.

There were big bugs in plenty, and gnats great and small, —
 A very hard matter to mention them all.
 And what did they do? Why, they sported and sang,
 Till all the greenwood with their melody rang.

Who e'er gave a picnic so grand and so gay?
 They had n't a shower, I 'm happy to say;
 And when the sun fell, like a cherry, ripe red,
 The fireflies lighted them all home to bed!

EX. 94. — WARREN'S ADDRESS. — *John Pierpont.*

STAND! the ground 's your own, my braves!
 Will ye give it up to slaves?
 Will ye look for greener graves?
 Hope ye mercy still?
 What 's the mercy despots feel?
 Hear it in that battle-peal!
 Read it on yon bristling steel!
 Ask it, — ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
 Will ye to your *homes* retire?
 Look behind you! — they 're afire!
 And, before you, see
 Who have done it! From the vale
 On they come! — and will ye quail?
 Leaden rain and iron hail
 Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust !
Die we may, — and die we must ;
But, O, where can dust to dust
 Be consigned so well,
As where heaven its dew shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
 Of his deeds to tell ?

Ex. 95. — THE SAILOR'S SONG. — *Cunningham.*

A WET sheet and a flowing sea, —
 A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
 And bends the gallant mast, —
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
 While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
 Old England on the lee.

“ O for a soft and gentle wind ! ”
 I heard a fair one cry ;
But give to me the snoring breeze
 And white waves heaving high, —
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
 The good ship tight and free ;
The world of water is our home,
 And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornéd moon,
 And lightning in yon cloud ;
And hark the music, mariners !
 The wind is piping loud, —

The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free ;
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage is the sea.

Ex. 96. — SMALL BEGINNINGS. — Mackay.

A TRAVELER through a dusty road strewed acorns
on the lea ;
And one took root and sprouted up, and grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time, to breathe its
early vows ;
And age was pleased, in heats of noon, to bask beneath
its boughs ;
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs, the birds sweet
music bore ;
It stood a glory in its place, a blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way amid the grass and fern,
A passing stranger scooped a well, where weary men
might turn ;
He walled it in, and hung with care a ladle at the brink ;
He thought not of the deed he did, but judged that toil
might drink.
He passed again, and lo ! the well, by summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues, and saved a
life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought ; 't was old, and yet
't was new ;
A simple fancy of the brain, but strong in being true.
It shone upon a genial mind, and lo ! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray, a monitory flame.

The thought was small, its issue great; a watch-fire on
the hill,

It sheds its radiance far adown, and cheers the valley still !

A nameless man, amid a crowd that thronged the daily
mart,

Let fall a word of hope and love, unstudied, from the
heart ;

A whisper on the tumult thrown, — a transitory breath, —
It raised a brother from the dust ; it saved a soul from
death.

O germ ! O fount ! O word of love ! O thought at
random cast !

Ye were but little at the first, but mighty at the last.

Ex. 97. — THE MINSTREL BOY. — Moore.

THE minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you 'll find him,
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of Song !" said the warrior bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee !"

The minstrel fell ! — but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under ;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its cords asunder,
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery !
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery !"

Ex. 98. — TARA'S HARP. — Moore.

THE harp that once through Tara's halls
 The soul of music shed,
 Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
 As if that soul were fled.
 So sleeps the pride of former days,
 So glory's thrill is o'er,
 And hearts that once beat high for praise
 Now feel that pulse no more !

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
 The harp of Tara swells ;
 The cord alone that breaks at night
 Its tale of ruin tells.
 Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes, —
 The only throb she gives
 Is when some heart indignant breaks,
 To show that still she lives.

Ex. 99. — THE SEA. — Barton.

BEAUTIFUL, sublime, and glorious ;
 Mild, majestic, foaming, free, —
 Over time itself victorious,
 Image of eternity !

Sun and moon and stars shine o'er thee,
 See thy surface ebb and flow,
 Yet attempt not to explore thee
 In thy soundless depths below.

Whether morning's splendor steep thee
 With the rainbow's glowing grace,

Tempests rouse or navies sweep thee,
'T is but for a moment's space.

Earth, her valleys and her mountains,
Mortal man's behests obey ;
The unfathomable fountains
Scoff his search and scorn his sway.

Such art thou, stupendous ocean !
But, if overwhelmed by thee,
Can we think, without emotion,
What must thy Creator be ?

Ex. 100. — THE TEMPEST. — *Fields.*

WE were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep, —
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'T is a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, " Cut away the mast ! "

So we shuddered there in silence, —
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with Death.

As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy with his prayers,
" We are lost ! " the captain shouted
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"Is n't God upon the ocean
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
As we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbor
When the morn was shining clear.

Ex. 101. — A HAPPY LIFE. — Wotton.

HOW happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world with care
Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make accusers great;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend;

And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands ;
And, having nothing, yet hath all

Ex. 102. — FATHER LAND AND MOTHER TONGUE.

— *Lover.*

OUR Father Land ! and wouldst thou know
Why we should call it Father Land ?
It is that Adam here below
Was made of earth by Nature's hand.

And he, our father made of earth,
Hath peopled earth on every hand ;
And we, in memory of his birth,
Do call our country Father Land.

At first in Eden's bowers, they say,
No sound of speech had Adam caught,
But whistled like a bird all day, —
And maybe 't was for want of thought.

But Nature, with resistless laws,
Made Adam soon surpass the birds ;
She gave him lovely Eve because
If he 'd a wife they must *have words*.

And so the native land, I hold,
By male descent is proudly mine ;
The language, as the tale hath told,
Was given in the female line.

And thus we see on either hand
We name our blessings whence they 're sprung ;
We call our country Father Land,
We call our language Mother Tongue.

Ex. 103. — LIFE. — *Wilde.*

MY life is like the summer rose
That opens to the morning sky,
But, ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground — to die !
Yet on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of Night are shed,
As if she wept the waste to see, —
But none shall weep a tear for me !

My life is like the autumn leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray ;
Its hold is frail, — its date is brief,
Restless, — and soon to pass away !
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree, —
But none shall breathe a sigh for me !

My life is like the prints which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand ;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand ;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea, —
But none, alas ! shall mourn for me !

Ex. 104. — INSIGNIFICANT EXISTENCE. — *Dr. Watts.*

THERE are a number of us creep
Into this world to eat and sleep ;
And know no reason why we 're born,
But only to consume the corn,
Devour the cattle, fowl, and fish,
And leave behind an empty dish.
The crows and ravens do the same,
Unlucky birds of hateful name ;
Ravens or crows might fill their places,
And swallow corn and carcasses,
Then if their tombstone, when they die,
Be n't taught to flatter and to lie,
There 's nothing better will be said
Than that "they 've eat up all their bread,"
Drunk up their drink, and gone to bed."

Ex. 105. — A TEAR. — *Rogers.*

OUTHAT the chemist's magic art
Could crystallize this sacred treasure !
Long should it glitter near my heart,
A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,
Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye ;
Then, trembling, left its coral cell, —
The spring of Sensibility !

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light !
In thee the rays of Virtue shine,
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
Than any gem that gilds the mind.

Benign restorer of the soul !
Who ever fliest to bring relief,
When first we feel the rude control
Of Love or Pity, Joy or Grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme,
In every clime, in every age,
Thou charm'st in Fancy's idle dream,
In Reason's philosophic page.

That very law which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

Ex. 106. — THE RIVER OF LIFE. — *Campbell.*

THE more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages ;
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,
Ere passion yet disorders,
Steals lingering like a river smooth
Along its grassy borders.

But as the careworn cheek grows wan,
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
Ye stars, that measure life to man,
Why seem your courses quicker ?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath,
And life itself is vapid,

Why, as we near the Falls of Death,
Feel we its tide more rapid ?

It may be strange, — yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding,
When one by one our friends have gone
And left our bosoms bleeding ?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness ;
And those of youth a seeming length,
Proportioned to their sweetness.

· Ex. 107. — TIME. — *Herrick.*

GATHER ye rosebuds as ye may,
Old Time is still a flying ;
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he 's a getting
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he 's to setting.

The age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer ;
But being spent, the worse and worst
Time still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may go marry ;
For, having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry.

Ex. 108. — FROM THANATOPSIS. — Bryant.

THE gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom ; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come,
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men —
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man —
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Ex. 109. — GOLD. — Hood.

GOLD ! gold ! gold !
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered, and rolled ;
Heavy to get, and light to hold ;
Hoarded, bartered, bought, and sold,
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled ;

Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old,
To the very verge of the churchyard mould;
Price of many a crime untold:
Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Good or bad a thousand-fold!
How widely its agencies vary, —
To save, — to ruin, — to curse, — to bless, —
As even its minted coins express,
Now stamped with the image of good Queen Bess,
And now of a Bloody Mary.

Ex. 110. — A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

WHO 'll press for gold this crowded street,
A hundred years to come?
Who 'll tread yon church with willing feet,
A hundred years to come?
Pale, trembling age and fiery youth,
And childhood with his brow of truth,
The rich and poor, on land, on sea,
Where will the mighty millions be,
A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep.
A hundred years to come;
No living soul for us will weep,
A hundred years to come.
But other men our land will till,
And others then our streets will fill,
And other words will sing as gay,
And bright the sunshine as to-day,
A hundred years to come.

Ex. 111. — A FANCY. — *Good Words for the Young.*

I SUPPOSE, if all the children
Who have lived through ages long
Were collected and inspected,
They would make a wondrous throng.
O the babble of the Babel !
O the flutter of the fuss !
To begin with Cain and Abel,
And to finish up with us.

Think of all the men and women
Who are now and who have been, —
Every nation since creation
That this world of ours has seen ;
And of all of them, not any
But was once a baby small ;
While of children, O, how many
Never have grown up at all !

Some have never laughed or spoken,
Never used their rosy feet ;
Some have even flown to heaven
Ere they knew that earth was sweet ;
And indeed I wonder whether,
If we reckon every birth,
And bring such a flock together,
There is room for them on earth.

Who will wash their smiling faces ?
Who their saucy ears will box ?
Who will dress them and caress them ?
Who will darn their little socks ?
Where are arms enough to hold them,
Hands to pat each shining head ?

Who will praise them ? who will scold them ?
Who will pack them off to bed ?

Little happy Christian children,
Little savage children too,
In all stages of all ages
That our planet ever knew !
Little princes and princesses,
Little beggars wan and faint ;
Some in very handsome dresses,
Naked some, bedaubed with paint.

Only think of the confusion
Such a motley crowd would make !
And the clatter of their chatter,
And the things that they would break !
O the babble of the Babel !
O the flutter of the fuss !
To begin with Cain and Abel,
And to finish up with us !

Ex. 112. — THE HARDEST TIME OF ALL.

THERE are days of deepest sorrow
In the season of our life ;
There are wild despairing moments ;
There are hours of mental strife.
There are hours of stony anguish,
When the tears refuse to fall ;
But the waiting time, my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all.

Youth and love are oft impatient,
Seeking things beyond their reach ;

And the heart grows sick with hoping,
Ere it learns what life can teach.
For before the fruit be gathered,
We must see the blossoms fall;
And the waiting time, my brothers,
Is the hardest time, of all.

We can bear the heat of conflict,
Though the sudden crushing blow,
Beating back our gathered forces,
For a moment lay us low.
We may rise again beneath it,
None the weaker for our fall;
But the waiting time, my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all.

Yet at last we learn the lesson
That God knoweth what is best,
And a silent resignation
Makes the spirit calm and blest;
For, perchance, a day is coming
For the changes of our fate,
When our hearts will thank him meekly
That he taught us how to wait.

Ex. 113. — THREE WORDS OF STRENGTH. — Schiller.

THERE are three lessons I would write, —
Three words, as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ round,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,

Put off the shadow from thy brow, —
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith. Whene'er thy bark is driven,
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth,
Know this : God rules the hosts of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love. Not love alone for one,
But man, as man, thy brother call ;
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul, —
Hope, Faith, and Love, — and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
Light when thou else wert blind.

Ex. 114. — HODGE AND THE PRIEST.

HODGE, a poor honest country lout,
Not overstocked with learning,
Chanced on a summer's eve to meet
The vicar, home returning.

"Ah, Master Hodge!" the vicar said,
"What, still as wise as ever?
The people in the village say
That you are wondrous clever."

"Why, measter parson, as to that
I beg you 'll right conceive me ;
I do na brag, but yet I know
A thing or two, believe me."

"We 'll try your skill," the parson cried,
"For learning what digestion ;
And this you 'll prove, or right or wrong,
By solving me a question.

"Noah, of old, three babies had, —
Or grown-up children rather ;
Shem, Ham, and Japhet they were called :
Now, who was Japhet's father ?"

"Rat it !" cried Hodge, and scratched his head,
"That does my wits belabor ;
But howsomede'er I 'll homeward run,
And ax old Giles, my neighbor."

To Giles he went and put the case,
With circumspect intention ;
"Thou fool," cried Giles, "I 'll make it clear
To thy dull comprehension.

"Three children has Tom Long, the smith,
Or cattle-doctor rather ;
Tom, Dick, and Harry they are called :
Now, who is Harry's father ?"

"Adzooks, I have it," Hodge replied,
"Right well I know your lingo ;
Who 's Harry's father ? — stop — here goes —
Why, Tom Long Smith, by jingo !"

Away he ran to find the priest,
With all his might and main ;
Who with good-humor instant put
The question once again.

"Noah, of old, three babies had,—
Or grown-up children rather;
Shem, Ham, and Japhet they were called:
Now, who was Japhet's father?"

"I have it now," Hodge grinning cried,
"I'll answer like a proctor;
Who's Japhet's father? Now I know;
Why, Long Tom Smith the doctor!"

Ex. 115. — PATRIOTISM.

POOR is his triumph, and disgraced his name,
Who draws the sword for empire, wealth, or fame.
For him, though wealth be blown on every wind,
Though fame announce him mightiest of mankind,
Though twice ten nations crouch beneath his blade,
Virtue disowns him, and his glories fade;
For him no prayers are poured, no poems sung,
No blessings chanted from a nation's tongue.
Blood marks the path to his untimely bier;
The curse of widows and the orphan's tear
Cry to high Heaven for vengeance on his head;
Alive detested, and accursed when dead,
Indignant of his deeds, the man who sings
The undaunted truth, and scorns to flatter kings,
Shall show the monster in his hideous form,
And mark him as an earthquake or a storm.

Not so the patriot chief who dared withstand
The base invader of his native land;
Who made her weal his noblest, only end;
Ruled but to serve her, fought but to defend;
Who, firmly virtuous and severely brave,
Sank with the freedom that he could not save;

On worth like his the Muse delights to wait,
Reveres alike in triumph and defeat;
Crowns with true glory and with spotless fame,
And honors Washington's more than Napoleon's name.

Ex. 116. — GREAT AND SMALL.

A SPARROW caught upon a tree
A fly so fat his taste grew stronger;
His victim, struggling to get free,
Begged but to live a little longer.
The murderer answered, "Thou must fall;
For I am great, and thou art small."

A hawk beheld him at his feast,
And in a moment pounced upon him;
The dying sparrow wished at least
To know what injury he had done him.
The murderer answered, "Thou must fall;
For I am great, and thou art small."

The eagle sees the hawk below,
And quickly on the gormand seizes.
"O noble king! pray, let me go!
"Mercy! thou peckest me to pieces!"
The murderer answered, "Thou must fall;
For I am great, and thou art small."

He feasted; lo! an arrow flew
And pierced the eagle's bosom through.
Unto the hunter loud screamed he,
"O tyrant! wherefore murder me?"
"Ah!" said the murderer, "thou must fall;
For I am great, and thou art small."

**Ex. 117. — COLUMBUS ON FIRST BEHOLDING
AMERICA. — Moore.**

GOD of my sires ! o'er ocean's brim
Yon beauteous land appears at last ;
Raise, comrades, raise your holiest hymn !
For now our toils are past.
See, o'er the bosom of the deep
She gayly lifts her summer charms,
As if at last she longed to leap
From dark Oblivion's arms.

What forms, what lovely scenes, may lie
Secluded in thy flowery breast !
Pure is thy sea, and calm thy sky,
Thou garden of the West.
Around each solitary hill
A rich magnificence is hurled,
Thy youthful face seems wearing still
The first fresh fragrance of the world.

We come with hope our beacon bright,
Like Noah drifting o'er the wave,
To claim a world, — the ocean's might
Has shrouded like the grave ;
And O, the dwellers of the ark
Ne'er pined with fonder hearts to see
The bird of hope regain their bark,
Than I have longed for thee !

Around me was the boundless flood,
O'er which no mortal ever passed ;
Above me was a solitude
As measureless and vast ;
Yet in the air and on the sea
The voice of the Eternal One

Breathed forth the song of hope to me,
And bade me journey on.

My bark! the winds are fair unfurled
To waft thee on thy watery road.
O, haste, that I may give the world
Another portion of her God;
That I may lead those tribes aright,
So long on error's ocean driven,
And point to their bewildered sight
A fairer path to heaven.

The mightiest states shall pass away,
Their mouldering grandeur cannot last;
But thou, fair land! shalt be for aye
A glory when they 're past.
As now thou look'st in youthful bloom,
When earth grows old and states decline,
So thou shalt flourish o'er their tomb,
Tired Freedom's peaceful shrine.

Ex. 118. — THREE DAYS IN THE LIFE OF COLUMBUS.

— *Adaptation from Delavigne.*

ON the deck stood Columbus: the ocean's expanse,
Untried and unlimited, swept by his glance.
"Back to Spain!" cry his men; "Put the vessel about!
We venture no further through danger and doubt."
"Three days, and I give you a world!" he replied;
"Bear up, my brave comrades; — three days shall decide."
He sails, — but no token of land is in sight;
He sails, — but the day shows no more than the night; —
On, onward he sails, while in vain o'er the lee
The lead is plunged down through a fathomless sea.

The pilot, in silence, leans mournfully o'er
The rudder, which creaks 'mid the billowy roar;
He hears the hoarse moan of the spray-driving blast,
And its funeral-wail through the shrouds of the mast;
The stars of far Europe have sunk from the skies,
And the great Southern Cross meets his terrified eyes.
But at length the slow dawn, softly streaking the night,
Illumes the blue vault with its faint crimson light.
"Columbus! 't is day, and the darkness is o'er."
"Day! and what dost thou see?" "Sky and ocean.
No more!"

The second day's past, and Columbus is sleeping,
While Mutiny near him its vigil is keeping.
"Shall he perish?" "Ay! death!" is the barbarous cry;
"He must triumph to-morrow, or, perjured, must die!"
Ungrateful and blind! — shall the world-linking sea
He traced for the Future his sepulchre be?
Shall that sea, on the morrow, with pitiless waves,
Fling his corse on that shore which his patient eye craves?
The corse of an humble adventurer then;
One day later, — Columbus, the first among men!

But hush! he is dreaming! — A veil on the main,
At the distant horizon, is parted in twain,
And now on his dreaming eye — rapturous sight! —
Fresh bursts the New World from the darkness of night!
O vision of glory, how dazzling it seems!
How glistens the verdure! how sparkle the streams!
How blue the far mountains! how glad the green isles!
And the earth and the ocean, how dimpled with smiles!
"Joy! joy!" cries Columbus, "this region is mine!"
Ah! not e'en its name, wondrous dreamer, is thine!

At length o'er Columbus slow consciousness breaks, —
"Land! land!" cry the sailors; "land! land!" — he
awakes, —

He runs, — yes ! behold it ! — it blesseth his sight, —
The land ! O dear spectacle ! transport ! delight !
O generous sobs, which he cannot restrain !
What will Ferdinand say ? and the Future ? and Spain ?
He will lay this fair land at the foot of the throne, —
His king will repay all the ills he has known !
In exchange for a world what are honors and gains ?
Or a crown ? But how *is* he rewarded ? — with chains !

EX. 119. — THE TWINS.

IN form and feature, face and limb,
I grew so like my brother
That folks got taking me for him,
And each for one another.
It puzzled all our kith and kin,
It reached an awful pitch ;
For one of us was born a twin,
And not a soul knew which.

One day (to make the matter worse),
Before our names were fixed,
As we were being washed by nurse,
We got completely mixed.
And thus you see by Fate's decree,
(Or, rather, nurse's whim,)
My brother John got christened *me*,
And I got christened *him*.

This fatal likeness even dogged
My footsteps when at school,
And I was always getting flogged, —
For John turned out a fool.
I put this question hopelessly
To every one I knew, —

What *would* you do, if you were me,
To prove that you were *you*?

Our close resemblance turned the tide
Of our domestic life;
For, somehow, my intended bride
Became my brother's wife.
In short, year after year the same
Absurd mistakes went on;
And when I died — the neighbors came
And buried Brother John!

Ex. 120. — FOR A "FIVE-YEAR OLD." *Kid* — *Oliver Optic's Magazine.*

I 'VE stayed here watching all the folks,
And heard the big boys crack their jokes,
'And seen you laugh, and heard you cheer;
I did n't want to interfere,
But I did wish they would get through,
And let me do my talking too.

I hope you 've had a jolly time;
It takes ten cents to make a dime.
Birds in their little nests agree,
And sugar-candy does with me;
Grandmother says it makes me sick,
But I get better very quick.

I hope you like all you have heard.
I did n't hark to every word,
For I was thinking, all the time,
How I should say my little rhyme;
I 've done it now, and feel all right;
I hope you do so too. Good night.

Ex. 121. — FIELDS FOR LABOR.

If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them
As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley
While the multitudes go by.
You can chant in happy measures
As they slowly pass along ;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold or silver
Ever ready to command,
If you cannot toward the needy
Reach an ever-open hand,
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep ;
You can be a true disciple,
Sitting at the Master's feet.

If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If where fire and smoke are thickest
There's no work for you to do,
When the battle-field is silent
You can go with careful tread,

You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting
For some *greater work* to do ;
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in *any* vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare ;
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it *anywhere*.

EX. 122.—THE LOVE STORY. — *Lilliput Levee.*

THIS is the doll with respect to whom
A story is told that ends in gloom ;
For there was a sensitive little sir
Went out of his mind for love of her !

They pulled a wire, she moved her eye ;
They squeezed the bellows, they made her cry ;
But the boy could never be persuaded
That these were really things which *they* did.

"My Dolladine," he said, "has life ;
I love her, and she shall be my wife ;
Dainty delicate Dolladine,
The daintiest girl that ever was seen !"

To give his passion a chance to cool,
They sent the lover to boarding-school ;

But absence only made it worse, —
He never learnt anything, prose or verse !

He drew her likeness on his slate ;
His grammar was in a *dreadful* state,
With Dolladine all over the edges,
And true love-knots, and vows, and pledges.

What was the consequence ? — Doctor Whack ·
Beggèd of his parents to take him back ;
When his condition, poor boy ! was seen
Too late, they sent for Dolladine.

And now he will never part with her ;
He calls her lily, and rose, and myrrh,
Dolly-o'-diamonds, precious lamb,
Humming-bird, honey-pot, jewel, jam,

Darling, delicate-dear-delight,
Angel-'o-red, angel-o'-white,
Queen of beauty, and such like names ;
In fact, all manner of darts and flames !

Of course, while he keeps up this wooing,
His education goes to ruin ;
What are his prospects in future life,
With only a doll for his lawful wife ?

It is feared his parents' hearts will break !
And there 's one remark I wish to make ;
I may be wrong, but it seems a pity
For a movable doll to be made too pretty.

●
An old-fashioned doll, that is not like nature,
Can never pass for a human creature ;

It is in a doll that moves her eyes
That the danger of these misfortunes lies !

The lover's name must be suppressed
For obvious reasons. He lives out west ;
And if I call him Pygmalion Pout,
I don't believe you will find him out !

Ex. 123. — BETTER THAN GOLD.

BETTER than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles a thousand fold,
Is a healthy body, a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please ;
A heart that can feel for another's woe,
And share his joys with a genial glow,
With sympathies large enough to infold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere ;
Doubly blessed with content and health,
Untried by the lusts or cares of wealth ;
Lowly living and lofty thought
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot ;
For mind and morals, in Nature's plan,
Are the genuine tests of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when their labors close ; ●
Better than gold is a poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumber deep,

Brings sleeping-draughts to the downy bed
Where Luxury pillows his aching head ;
His simple opiate labor deems
A shorter road to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That, in the realm of books, can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore.
The sage's love and the poet's lay,
The glories of empires passed away,
The world's great drama, will thus unfold,
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the fireside charities come ;
The shrines of love, the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife.
However humble the home may be,
Or tried with sorrow by Heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold,
And centre there, are better than gold.

Ex. 124. — A LITTLE PIECE.

YOU 'D scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage ;
It takes three things to make a row,
For my old uncle told me so ;
A welcome here I give to each,
And hope you 'll like my little speech.

If you love me as I love you,
No knife shall cut our love in two ;

I heard a chap tell cousin so.
All of his name I does n't know ;
But part of it is " Mr. Bo,"
And he lives somewhere " down below."

We hope you all feel pretty well ;
And that is all I have to tell,
Till all the other boys are done ;
Then, if you like my mother's son
Enough to give a little cheer,
I 've something more for you to hear.

Ex. 125. — LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

ANGRY looks can do no good,
And blows are dealt in blindness ;
Words are better understood,
If spoken but in kindness.

Simple love far more hath wrought,
Although by childhood uttered,
Than all the battles ever fought,
Or oaths that men have uttered.

Friendship oft would longer last,
And quarrels be prevented,
If little words were let go past,
Forgiven, not resented.

Foolish things are frowns and sneers,
For angry thoughts reveal them ;
Rather drown them all in tears
Than let another feel them.

EX. 126. — THE MOMENTS. — *Eggleston.*

THE moments are little and unseen things ;
Light forms have they, and unseen wings ;
They glide o'er our heads with the morning's beam,
And slip from our grasp with the day's last gleam ;
They tick in our ears with the staid old clock ;
They stand at our hearts, and there warningly knock ;
They bid us not loiter, if fame we would win ;
They knock and entreat us to gather them in.

O, list to the moments ! though little they seem,
They are bearing your bark on a swift, silent stream ;
And onward, still onward, you glide from the shore,
To that vast boundless ocean where time is no more.
Take heed to the moments ; for with them they bear
Of gems the most precious, and diamonds most rare.
Take care of the moments, for life's but a span ;
Then carefully hoard them, O vain, dreaming man !

EX. 127. — THE WEST. — *G. P. Morris.*

HO ! brothers, — come hither, and list to my story, —
Merry and brief will the narrative be ;
Here, like a monarch, I reign in my glory, —
Master am I, boys, of all that I see.
Where once frowned a forest, a garden is smiling, —
The meadow and moorland are marshes no more ;
And there curls the smoke of my cottage, beguiling
The children who cluster like grapes at the door.
Then enter, boys ; cheerly, boys, enter and rest ;
The land of the heart is the land of the West.

Talk not of the town, boys, — give me the broad prairie,

Where man, like the wind, roams impulsive and free ;
Behold how its beautiful colors all vary,

Like those of the clouds, or the deep-rolling sea !
A life in the woods, boys, is even as changing.

With proud independence we season our cheer ;
And those who the world are for happiness ranging

Won't find it at all, if they don't find it here.
Then enter, boys ; cheerly, boys, enter and rest ;
I'll show you the life, boys, we live in the West.

Here, brothers, secure from all turmoil and danger,

We reap what we sow ; for the soil is our own :

We spread hospitality's board for the stranger,
And care not a fig for the king on his throne.

We never know want, for we live by our labor,
And in it contentment and happiness find ;

We do what we can for a friend or a neighbor,
And die, boys, in peace and good-will to mankind.

Then enter, boys ; cheerly, boys, enter and rest ;
You know how we live, boys, and die, in the West !

Ex. 128. — ONE BY ONE. — *Miss Procter.*

ONE by one the sands are flowing ;
One by one the moments fall.
Some are coming, some are going ;
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee ;
Let thy whole strength go to each ;
Let no future dreams elate thee ;
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one, bright gifts from heaven,
Joys are sent thee here below ;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee.
Do not fear an arméd band ;
One will fade as others greet thee, —
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow ;
See how small each moment's pain.
God will help thee for to-morrow ;
So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear ;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
When each gem is set with care.

EX. 129. — CHEER UP.

CCHEER up ! my friend, cheer up, I say ;
Give not thy heart to gloom or sorrow ;
Though clouds enshroud thy path to-day,
The sun will shine again to-morrow.

O, look not with desponding sigh
Upon these little trifling troubles !
Cheer up ! you 'll see them by and by
Just as they are, — like empty bubbles.

So come, cheer up ! my friend, cheer up !
This is a world of love and beauty ;

And you may quaff its sweetest cup
If you but bravely do your duty.

Put gloom and sadness far away,
And, smiling, bid good by to sorrow ;
The clouds that shroud your path to-day
Will let the sunlight in to-morrow.

Ex. 130. — LITTLE LIFTERS. — *Leslie's Boys and Girls.*

DID you know, my darling children,
There was work for you to do,
As you tread Life's flowery pathway,
'Neath skies of brightest blue ?
Your tiny hands so feeble
May powerless appear,
But they often lighten burdens,
The strongest scarce can bear.

You all are " Little Lifters,"
Who with loving zeal will try
To help the weak and weary,
And dry the tearful eye ;
And though you lift but little,
Faint not, but lift again,
The hardest rock is worn
By the constant dripping rain.

And when you sing to baby
Till he gently falls asleep ;
Or comfort little sister
Till her blue eyes cease to weep ;
Or tie up Johnnie's shoe-strings,
And brush his tangled hair, —

You are lifting mother's burdens,
And shielding her from care.

And when father, tired and weary,
Comes home to rest at night,
Draw up for him the easy-chair,
And make the fire burn bright.
Though small the deeds of kindness,
And low the words of love,
The Recording Angel writes them
In glowing lines above.

Then love and help each other,
For to you this charge is given ;
And in lifting other's burdens,
You lift your soul to heaven.

Ex. 131. — SATURDAY AFTERNOON. — Willis.

I LOVE to look on a scene like this,
Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old,
And my locks are not yet gray ;
For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And it makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the earth for fourscore years,
And they say that I am old ;
And my heart is ripe for the reaper, Death,
And my years are wellnigh told.
It is very true, — it is very true ;
I 'm old, and " I 'bide my time " ;

But my heart will leap at a scene like this,
And I half renew my prime.

Play on, play on ; I am with you there,
In the midst of your merry ring ;
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
And the rush of the breathless swing.
I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
And I whoop the smothered call,
And my feet slip on the reedy floor,
And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come,
And I shall be glad to go ;
For the world, at best, is a weary place,
And my pulse is getting low.
But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail
On treading its gloomy way ;
And it wiles my heart from its dreariness
To see the young so gay.





Ex. 132. — TRY AGAIN. — *Oliver Optic's Magazine.*

CHARACTERS. — MISS AUBREY, *a school-teacher.* JENNIE WHEATON, ABBIE FORBES, and KATE TERRY, *scholars.*

SCENE. — *A school-room.* JENNIE WHEATON *sitting alone with slate in hand.*

JENNIE. O, it is well enough to keep saying all the time, Try again, try again; but it is quite a different thing when one comes to try. I know I can't do it, and there's no use of my attempting it. It's a real shame, I say. What does she care, though? I told her that I could n't do it, and that I had invited a lot of girls to a party this afternoon; and all she said was that I might go as soon as I finished this horrid old sum. O dear! here it is past three o'clock already, and I have n't got any nearer to the answer than I was when school was dismissed. Let me see: six times four are twenty-four — two to carry; six times seven are forty-two — set down two and carry four; six times — There I *knew* it would n't come right! — it's too bad! O, I see! Six times four are twenty-four; six times seven are thirty-five, and two makes thirty-seven; now that's worse

still. I can't do it, and I won't try any more; so here goes the old slate! (*Throws it on the floor and goes to the window.*) O, there's Abbie and Kate! I'll call them up here. Ahem! hem! Abbie! hem! Kate! come up!

Kate (without). No, we can't. Miss Aubrey would catch us.

Jennie. No, she won't. She is n't here. She said she was going out, and would be back in about an hour, when I should by that time, probably, have my sum done. Pretty consolation for me, is n't it? But do come up, please.

Kate (without). Well, we will.

(*Enter KATE AND ABBIE.*)

Jennie. Now, let's see. What shall we do to pass away the time? (*ABBIE goes to the blackboard and draws a caricature, writing MISS AUBREY'S name underneath.*) Ha! ha! That's good!

Kate. Make her nose a little —

(*Enter MISS AUBREY.*)

Miss A. So, so, Miss Wheaton! and this, I suppose, is the *very* hard way in which you have attempted the solution of that problem. I confess I should find it quite difficult, under the circumstances, myself (*looking at the drawing*). And that, I suppose, is intended to make the solution easier for you. The new patent multiplier, I suppose. And you, Miss Forbes, are the inventor of it, I should imagine. And Miss Terry was about passing her judgment on the nose. Continue your sentence, Miss Terry: "Make her nose a little" — what?

Kate (embarrassed). I am sure I don't know.

Miss A. Come, give us your opinion of the nose.

Kate. I beg your pardon, Miss Aubrey, for my impertinence. I am very sorry, I am sure.

Miss A. Ah! but why not continue your sentence?

However, I suppose it 's somewhat embarrassing for you. And you, Miss Forbes, what have you to say for yourself?

Abbie. I am sure I did n't mean any harm, Miss Aubrey.

Miss A. Ah, that 's just it, — did n't mean any harm! That is the way a great many of us attempt to excuse ourselves; and a very poor excuse it is too. However, I really believe it was a thoughtless act, and that you will not be guilty of it again. So now go home and trouble yourselves no more about it.

Kate (aside). Well out of this scrape, any way.

Abbie (aside). How easily I got out of it! I hope she won't say anything to my father about the picture.

[*Erit.*

[*Erit.*

Miss A. And now, Miss Wheaton, I suppose, of course, you have finished your lesson, as you have had so much time to play with your friends. Let me see your work.

Jennie. I can't do it. I've tried for a long time, and I really can't get the answer right.

Miss A. Can't! Why, that word, they say, is not in the dictionary. Let "Try again" be your motto, not "I can't."

Jennie. Well, I don't care; I can't do it.

Miss A. Then, for this once, I will show you; give me your slate. (*JENNIE hands it to her.*) Dear me! what a blunder! six times seven are thirty-five! You are forgetting your multiplication-table. A girl of your age, to make such a mistake; it is really too bad. Six times seven are forty-two; remember that.

Jennie. O dear, so it is! Why there, you've got the exact answer.

Miss A. Yes; and the answer which you yourself might easily have obtained if you had only exercised a little perseverance. And now do you still believe in

I can't? No, no, my child; remember always that there's nothing you cannot accomplish if you will only set your mind upon it, and resolve that it shall be done. Things which look the most difficult at first sight often-times prove to be very easy upon close inspection. And in passing through life you will surely be successful if you only remain steadfast to the principle implied in the two words, Try again. [Exeunt.]

Ex. 133. — THE RIVAL POLITICIANS. — G. M. Baker.

CHARACTERS. — TOM SLOWBOY, *Conservative*; SAM SLY, *Radical*.

SCENE. — *Platform at a school exhibition. SAM SLY seated among the audience.*

SLOWBOY (*with extravagant and awkward gestures*). Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: It is my *pe-rivilege* to stand before you to-night (*or day*) as the *ex-ponent* of a party, gentlemen, which is destined to make a new era in the world's history; a party, gentlemen, standing upon the platform upon which our forefathers stood; a party, gentlemen, above all trickery; *the* party which is to save this glorious country, — this mighty, this stupendous country, which, stretching from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf, washed by the Atlantic and the Pacific, yet hangs upon the verge of ruin.

"Lives there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said —"

Sly. Louder!

Slow. (*louder*). I say, —

"Lives there a man —"

Sly. Louder!

Slow. I'll just thank that small boy if he will pre-serve order.

"This is my own, my native land!"

Gentlemen, one man, and one man alone, can save us. Need I tell you who he is? No, gentlemen, no.

Sly. Yes, gentlemen, yes; let's have his name.

Slow. It is, gentlemen, that sturdy patriot, that unflinching friend of the people, the great inventor of soup-houses, Nickodemus Orcutt; he for whom to-morrow you will cast such an overwhelming vote, as selectman of the town of Scratchgravel —

Sly. Hurrah for Old Nick!

Slow. This is the man, gentlemen, who can save us. You know him well. The public spirit, the honesty, the worth of this famed patriot, this great promoter of — of — of —

Sly. The onion.

Slow. The onion, — no, no, the Union. — Sam Sly, I have had quite enough of this.

Sly. I guess we all have.

Slow. I did n't come here to be insulted. I go for free speech.

Sly. So do I. Go it, Slowboy.

Slow. Mr. Nickodemus Orcutt, gentlemen, is a warm, thoughtful friend of the people; not a rash man seeking to drive the country to perdition with steamboats and locomotives, but a man anxious to do all in his power to revive the good old days of safety and sobriety; a man, gentlemen, deeply read —

Sly. Especially his nose.

Slow. Confound you, Sly! — thoroughly dyed —

Sly. Mark his whiskers.

Slow. Will somebody put that boy out? — who would not turn a hair —

Sly. 'Cause he's bald.

Slow. O, won't you catch it? — a hair's-breadth from the party lines; a conservative man, gentlemen, who

will abolish railroads, which always end in a smash up ; prohibit steamboats, which blow out with a blow up ; and revive, in all their pristine beauty, the old secure means of travel, — the stage-coach, and the canal-boat ; a man, gentlemen, who will so clip the American Eagle —

Sly. Louder !

Slow. (louder). The American Eagle.

Sly. Louder !

Slow. O, pshaw ! Look here, Sam Sly, what did you come here for ?

Sly. To cheer for Old Nick. You promised me a dollar if I would.

Slow. Confound you ! can't you be quiet ?

Sly (jumping upon his seat). What ! and see the American Eagle abused ? No, sir ; I claim the privilege, at all times, and in all places, of standing up for the American Eagle. He 's the prey of every political spouter in the land. He 's been lugged to the top of the Rocky Mountains, skewered on every liberty-pole, and nailed to the wall in every public hall ; and now you propose to clip him. I protest against this outrage on the first of American poultry.

Slow. Sam Sly, whose meeting is this ?

Sly. The people's meeting. You would like to make it the caucus of an old-fogy party. But it won't do, Slow-boy ; it won't do.

Slow. Sly, I 'll give you another dollar to be quiet.

Sly (resuming his seat). All right, Slowboy ; fire away.

Slow. Gentlemen, Mr. Nickodemus Orcutt has such a regard for the American Eagle that he would clip its wings, that it might stay at home, and not run the risk of being sweltered in that Turkish bath, Cuba, or frozen in that ice-cream saloon, Alaska. And, gentlemen, the Constitution — the Constitution, gentlemen, he would lay out —

Sly. Hold on, Slowboy.

Slow. What 's the matter now ?

Sly (jumping upon his seat). Can't stand that, Slowboy ; I must stand up for the Constitution, the glorious Constitution. It 's been abused, Slowboy, shamefully abused. It 's been swung all around the circle, and now you want to lay it out.

Slow. Will you be quiet ? Nickodemus Orcutt would lay it out on the table of every farmer in the land, as the only true chart by which to steer.

Sly (resuming his seat). O, that 'll do ; go on, Slowboy.

Slow. And now, gentlemen, I turn to that symbol of the Republic, the American flag ; that flag which has lain in the dust —

Sly. Hold on, Slowboy ; hold on. Can't stand that.

Slow. Sly, you are a nuisance. You 've been the bane of my existence. Whenever as a speaker or as a poet I have endeavored to make my mark, you 're always in the way. Perhaps you 'd like to take my place.

Sly (jumping upon the platform). Thank you. I don't care if I do make a few feeble remarks.

Slow. Hallo ! You ain't coming up here ?

Sly. To be sure I am ; did n't you invite me ?

Slow. But I did n't mean it. Come, go down, that 's a good fellow, and let me finish my speech.

Sly. No, sir ; this is a public meeting, and I 've just as good a right to speak as you have.

Slow. Public meeting ! Pshaw ! it 's an exhibition, and I have the floor. You 've no business here. Now, Sly, go down.

Sly. After you 've invited me here ? No, sir.

Slow. You are spoiling everything. You 've upset my ideas.

Sly. Well, that won't break anything.

Slow. I 've only five minutes more to speak. Now do go, Sly.

Sly. No, sir. Five minutes? I'll tell you what I'll do, Slow; I'll help you out. We'll divide the five minutes. You shall speak one, then I'll speak one; and so on till the time is consumed.

Slow. O, pshaw! I can't do that; I've got the floor.

Sly. So have I. I don't believe in compromises, but for once I was willing to humor you; but as you don't like it, here goes. Ladies and gentlemen —

Slow. Hold on; I consent, though you have no right here.

Sly. I think I have, anything you have said to the contrary notwithstanding; so go ahead; there's the clock, and when time's up I'll give the word.

Slow. Gentlemen, Mr. Nick — Mr. Nick — Mr. Nick — Confound it, Sam Sly, you've knocked it all out of my head. Where did I leave off? — the American Eagle? No, I said that. The Constitution? O, pshaw! Mr. Nick — Dear me, how time does fly! Ah, I have it at last! Gentlemen, Mr. Nickodemus Orcutt and the American flag —

Sly (who has been standing watching the clock, pulling him by the sleeve). Time, Slowboy. Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Chairman, sir, — I appear before you to-night a humble American citizen, with a heart filled with gratitude to the noble founders of this glorious republic, — this free and happy republic, whose equal cannot be found; and would time permit I should be proud and happy to pour forth, in humble imitation of my eloquent friend here, warm tribute to their patriotism and virtue. But time flies. Let me speak of one who is near and dear to all of us, our esteemed fellow-townsmen, Samuel Sawyer, who is up for selectman in opposition to Nickodemus Orcutt. You all know him. A young, talented, enterprising lawyer; a true type of young America —

Slow. Time's up, Sly.

Sly. A rising man, eloquent in the public assembly —

Slow. Sly, Sly! time 's up.

Sly. Genial on a —

Slow. (*pulling SLY by sleeve*). Time 's up.

Sly. O, is it? Go ahead, Slowboy.

Slow. Go ahead! — I should think so! Look here, Sly; you ain't playing fair; you 've run over your time considerably; it 's one of your regular sly dodges, and I won't stand it! Do you hear? I tell you I won't stand it. Why don't you speak? (*SLY points to the clock.*) O dear! I forgot; where did I leave off? How that clock does go! Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Chairman — Dear me! where *did* I leave off? I have it: Mr. Nickodemus Orcutt and the American flag —

Sly. Time, Slowboy. Gentlemen: Mr. Sawyer, as I said before, is a true type of Young America, — a progressive man; a man of enlarged ideas, who believes in the spread of freedom, the rights of workingmen, the acquisition of territory; a patron of railroads; a warm advocate of woman's rights, universal suffrage, and the protection of American citizens, even when on a train. Elect him, and you annex Cuba this year, Mexico the next, conquer Europe the year after, and raise the stars and stripes upon the Great Wall of China in three years from to-day.

Slow. Time 's up, Sly.

Sly. Elect him, and peace shall reign once more everywhere —

Slow. Time 's up, Sly.

Sly. And —

Slow. (*pushing SLY*). Time 's up, Sly.

Sly. O, is it? How time does fly! Go ahead, Slowboy.

Slow. Go ahead! It 's all very well to say go ahead! But how can I go ahead when you act so? I tell you

what, Sly, if I catch you running over time again, I 'll wallop you, you little — O dear! my speech! Where was I? Mr. Sly — I mean Speaker — Ladies and gentlemen — Sly — Gent — O dear! — American Eagle — Constitution — I have it! Mr. Nickodemus Orcutt and the American flag —

Sly. Time, Slowboy. Ladies and gentlemen: I could use an hour profitably in sounding the virtues of Mr. Sawyer, but time will not permit. I shall only ask you to compare this whole-souled, patriotic type of Young America with that rusty, crusty old foggy, Old Nick —

Slow. Hold on, Sly; I can't stand that, time or no time, — abusing my candidate in that manner. (To audience.) Gentlemen —

Sly. Hold on, Slowboy, the five minutes are up. A bargain 's a bargain, you know.

Slow. I don't care; I will speak.

Sly. Well then, we 'll give you another minute.

Slow. That 's all I want. If it had n't been for you I should have been through long ago. What right have you here any way? If you attempt to interrupt me, I 'll have you placed in custody as a disturber of the peace. Ladies and gentlemen: I hope you will pardon this interruption; it was none of my seeking. You 've seen this boy before. He 's one of the small miseries of human life, which must be endured. But to my speech. As I was saying — Dear me! what was I saying? Mr. Nickodemus Orcutt and the American flag —

Sly. Time, Slowboy, time. (*Runs off.*)

Slow. Clear out, you nuisance! Wait till after school; that 's all!

[*Exit.*]

Ex. 134. — THE SPELLING-CLASS. — *School-Day Dialogues.*

[This piece can be spoken by either sex, or by both, by changing the names. A large boy or girl should be selected as teacher.]

PUPILS. — JOHN, JAMES, WILLIAM, PETER, SAMUEL, DANIEL, JOSEPH, HENRY, MICHAEL, JOSIAH, CALEB, PATRICK.

SCENE. — *Pupils playing on the stage when the curtain rises.*

TEACHER. Now, boys, I want you to form into a class, and spell the lesson I assigned you.

All the Boys. Yes, ma'am.

Teacher. Peter, you may go to the head of the class this evening.

Michael. Teacher, Pat Flannigan's head. He trapped Jim Barnill last evening.

Caleb. No, Pat Flannigan's not head, though; I'm head, I guess. I trapped Pat at the word "conglomerate," — did n't I, Josie?

Josiah (*slowly*). I don't know, I was n't in school yesterday.

William. Teacher, I was third last evening, and now Joe Davis won't let me in my place.

Teacher. Joseph, let William in his place.

Henry. Well, I was n't foot, either, when we spelt last, for I marked my number on this paper, and I was fourteenth. (*Holding up the paper.*)

Teacher (*counting the class*). Why, you are twelfth now, and last evening you say you were fourteenth.

Henry. Well, but I was n't foot.

John. Please, ma'am, Dan Lutz is pinching me.

Teacher. Daniel, walk to the foot of the class.

Peter. Teacher, shall I go head?

Teacher. Yes, I told you to go there when I called the class up, did n't I?

Peter. Yes, ma'am.

Caleb (as if crying). It's not fair. I was head.

Teacher (holding up a stick). Quiet, now, or you'll get a good flogging.

James. Please, teacher, Sam Snodgrass is standing on one foot.

Teacher. Samuel, stand erect. The class will all pay strict attention. Peter, where is the lesson for this evening?

Peter. On page forty-nine, lesson fourth, section seventeen.

Joseph. John Barnhill told me that we were to get the last section on page forty-eight.

Samuel. And Dan Lutz told me that Bill Smith told him that we were to get the first two sections on page fifty. He said that Josie Lichtenberger heard the teacher say so.

Teacher. Did you hear me saying so, Josiah?

Josiah (slowly). No, ma'am, I was n't in school yesterday.

Teacher. Joseph Davis has the right place. He will go to the head of the class, and Peter may take his place at the other end of the class.

Henry. Why, I'll be ahead after a while, if them fellers keeps coming down here much more.

Teacher. Quiet, there! Attention, all! Joseph, spell the first word.

Joseph. Teacher, I don't know what the first word is.

Teacher. Well, if you only have a little patience I will pronounce it for you.

Caleb (hand up). I know what the first word is.

Teacher. You keep quiet until you are called upon to speak. The first word is commutation. Spell, Joseph.

Joseph. C-o-m, com, y-o-u, you, comyou, —

Teacher. Next.

William (drawling). C-o-m, com, m-u, mu, commu, t-a, ta, commuta, s-h-i-o-n, shun, commutation.

Teacher. William, you must get your lesson better the next time.

William. Please, ma'am, I have no book. Somebody stepped on it, and the skin came off.

Teacher. The cover, you mean, don't you ?

William. No, ma'am ; I mean the outside of the book, the skin.

Teacher. Well, what did you do with the inside of the book ?

William. Why, it looked so ugly that one evening last week, as I went home, I threw it into the creek down there.

Teacher. You deserve a good whipping ; but we must continue the spelling. Patrick, you spell.

Patrick. Please, marm, and I don't know the w-u-r-r-d.

Teacher. James, spell.

James. C-o-m, com, m-u, mu, t-a, ta, t-i-o-n, tion, commutation.

Teacher. That is right ; go up.

James (goes up, and William trips him). Teacher, Bill Smith tried to throw me down.

Teacher. William, you will take your seat. John, do you spell the next word, molasses.

John. M-o, mo, (*smacks his lips,*) m-o, mo, (*smacks them still louder,*) m-o-l-e, mole, (*still smacking.*)

Teacher. What is the matter ?

John. I can't spell that word ; it 's too sweet.

Teacher. Josiah, you can spell it.

Josiah (whose head has been turned in an opposite direction, now faces the teacher, and spells slowly). S-u, su, g-a-r, gar, sugar.

Teacher. That is not the word.

Josiah (slowly). Why, John said it was so sweet he

could not possibly spell it, and I thought he meant sugar.

Teacher. I don't believe you are paying attention.

Caleb. Teacher, I know how to spell the word.

Teacher. Spell it, then.

Caleb (very earnest). C-a-n, can, d-y, dy, candy. (*He goes up.*)

Teacher. Hold on; that is not the word. Go back to your place. You all deserve to be punished severely for your neglect in preparing this lesson, and your indifference in the recitation.

Ex. 135. — TO LIVE. — *The Corporal.*

Susan.

"WHAT joy to live!" the young leaves say,
In light breeze swinging merrily,
Through sunshine and through rain;
"What joy to see the winter pass
With chilly steps from off the grass,
And shield the birds again!"

Mary.

"What joy to live!" the free brooks say,
While wandering on their silvery way
With naught but pebbly bars;
"What joy to kiss the moss again,
And see from rock and crevice green
The wee flowers peep like stars!"

Alice.

"What joy to live!" the wild bird sings
In clear blue air, while on his wings
The glancing sunbeams rest

A moment ; then 'neath covert green
 He glides, with eye alert and keen,
 To wee ones in the nest.

All.

"What joy to live !" all creatures sing,
 From harmless worm to sprays that swing
 On lithe, glad maple-tree ;
 "What joy to live !" we join the song,
 Pray such sweet life be good and long,
 And pure in ministry.

Ex. 136. — THE RAINY MAY-DAY. — *Demorest's Young America.*

[For twenty little children.]

SCENE. — *A school-room with a group of children prepared for a picnic, some having baskets, others dolls, etc., etc.*

JENNIE. O, how doleful ! that of all the days in the year, it should rain on the "First of May" !

Willie. Yes, I am really vexed. I wish that it would never rain again ; don't you, Jennie ?

Jennie. Yes, indeed ! I am sure I do not see why the sun should be so cross as to go sulking about *to-day*, of all days in the year !

Mary. But, Jennie, if it did not sometimes rain, what would become of the pretty flowers ?

Sammy. Why, I am sure our dear teacher told us, only last week, that there was never any rain in *Egypt* ; and I would like to know why flowers in *America* cannot bloom without rain, as well as in *Egypt*.

Eva. Yes ; but, Sammy, *our* flowers are more beautiful than those of *Egypt*.

Harry. Why so, Miss Eva?

Eva. Why? Well, I can't tell, except because they grow in our own native land.

Sammy. Ha, ha! an *excellent* reason!—a real *girl's* reason! Now, I should say that things growing in distant lands were better than those at home.

Bessie. Why, Sam, I am surprised at you! Don't you know that America boasts of the longest and deepest *rivers*, the highest mountains, and the greatest men of any nation on earth?

Willie. Yes, and the *prettiest girls* too; I know I think so.

Sarah. Well, all this does not help the matter of our picnic being broken up by this *tiresome* rain; what *shall* we do to pass away the time?

Georgie. Let's tell tales.

Kate. O no, that's so "*pokey*"! let's hunt the slipper.

Nina. Or play "*ship arrived*"; I know so *many* funny things to say.

Robert. Let's play "*School*"; I'll be the teacher.

Rebecca. I *say*! you'll be the teacher! why, *you* could not teach a *baby* anything.

Robert. Well, I can teach you *some manners*, at any rate.

Angeline. O children, don't quarrel! that is worse than a rainy May-day.

Alice. Here comes Nora; she always *has* some nice plan.

All. Yes! Nora can tell us what to do; come, *Nora*!

Nora (entering). What is it, darlings? don't all speak at once, though.

Rosa. You know, *Nora*, we were to have had a grand picnic to-day, which this disagreeable rain has broken up; how shall we pass our holiday?

Nora. I propose that we all hear our little pet, Fanny, repeat the pretty verses she has learned to recite at our examination.

All. O yes! Fanny, say them.

Nora. Stand here, Fanny, where we can all see you; now speak *slowly* and *distinctly*. (*While speaking, she leads FANNY to the front of the stage.*)

Fanny.

I love the flowers! the bright, sweet flowers,
Which grow in every dale;
They spring up, after April showers,
On hillside and in vale.

I love the birds! the joyous birds,
So happily they sing;
I love to see their pretty nests,
Or watch them on the wing.

I love the sun! the glorious sun,
Which shines so warm and bright;
I love the stars! the quiet stars!
Which gem the brow of Night.

But, far above all these, I love
The God that made them all;
The bright sun shines, the flowers spring,
Obedient to his call.

Rosa. O, look, girls! look, — the sun! the sun
All (rising in confusion). The sun! the sun! the glorious
sun! Hurrah for our May-day feast!

Ex. 137.—THE CHILDREN'S WISHES.—*Miss S. M. Priest.**Lizzie.*

I WISH I was a yellow-bird,
I 'd fly so very high,
And sing some of my sweetest songs
Up in the clear blue sky.
I 'd sit upon the waving bough
Of some great lofty tree,
Where every little boy and girl
Would love to look at me.

Charlie.

But if you were a yellow-bird,
You would not fly away ;
I 'd put you in my little cage,
And there you 'd have to stay.
I 'd give you something nice to eat,
And water from the spring ;
And then sit down beside your cage,
And hear you sweetly sing.

Addie.

I wish I was a butterfly,
So merry and so free,
With pretty little golden wings, —
How happy I should be !
I 'd fly about from flower to flower,
And when the bright bird sings,
I 'd sit beneath some rosy bower,
And fold my golden wings.

Eddie.

Well, if you were a butterfly,
You would not be so free ;

For very soon you would be caught
By a little boy like me.
And I should love to look upon
Your little wings so bright, —
Though nothing but a butterfly,
'T would be my chief delight.

Ellen.

I wish I was a fairy bright,
With pretty silken hair ;
First I would visit Beauty's bower,
Which is so very fair.
And then I'd hasten far away
Down in the ocean deep,
Where I know so very well
You'd like to take a peep.

Frank.

I wish you were a fairy, too ;
'T would be so very fine,
For you'd grant us all our wishes ;
Then I should have mine.
I'd wish to be a little king,
As grand as e'er was seen ;
Then I would rule the country,
And you should be my queen.

All.

Now since 't is wrong for us to wish
To be what we cannot,
Contented we should ever be,
And happy with our lot ;
For we are very often told,
A mind to us is given
To teach us to be happy here,
And fit us all for heaven.

EX. 138. — JUST AS OUR MOTHERS DO. — *Our School-Day Visitor.*

CHARACTERS. — SADIE, DELLA, CADDIE.

SCENE I. — *A nursery; enter three little girls with dolls.*

SADIE. O, I am tired of playing keep house; ain't you?

Della. Let 's play visit. Would you like that, Caddie?

Caddie. Yes; that 'll be nice. I 'll live over here by this lounge, and you over in that rocking-chair corner, and Della 'll come to make calls on us, just like our mothers do.

Della. Then I must put on my hat and sack, and take a parasol, or a muff, just like a lady.

Sadie. You may take my muff and my old parasol, too, that mamma gave me to play with. (*Gets out her parasol and muff. DELLA puts on her hat and coat, and takes both muff and parasol.*)

Della. I can't stick both hands in the muff, but that does n't make any difference, does it, Caddie?

Caddie. No, not a bit. Now you come to my house first, and we 'll talk just as grown-up ladies do. You must go out and knock.

(DELLA goes out and knocks; CADDIE opens the door with a great flourish.)

Caddie. Why, how do you do, Miss Mills? I was never so delighted in my days. Please to walk right straight in and sit down in a chair. Is your little girl pretty well, mem?

(DELLA sits down, still keeping her parasol over her head.)

Della. No, mem; she 's got the measles dreadful. I have to sit up with her all the nights.

Caddie. Dear me! where did she catch 'em?

Della. Of that dreadful Sadie Miller's girl. She 's always a running into my house, and I can't help it. And

my little girl has caught the scarlet-fever and the small-pox and the consumption of her more 'n a dozen times.

Caddie. I should think Miss Miller would keep her girl to home ; but she runs around herself a good deal, and I s'pect leaves her girl to do as she 's a mind to. I think she wears the ugliest bonnet in our church ; don't you ?

Della. Yes, it is a sight to see ; and her silk frock has been dyed ; and she 's wore that velvet trimming on three dresses before. But you won't never tell anybody I told you, will you ?

Caddie. No, indeed, and you must n't tell either if I tell you something I found out about her. (*Lowers her voice, but very distinctly.*) She used to live out, and wash dishes and clothes for folks. Did you ever ?

Della. No, I never did !

Caddie. Don't let 's visit with her any more, will we ?

Della. I guess we won't, we 'll just visit each other. I think your little girl is the sweetest one I ever saw ; and what a beautiful dress she has ! Will you please lend me the pattern some time ?

Caddie. I shall be pleased to. It came right from Paris. I got it there myself. But I think your baby's frock is a great deal the prettiest ; but that Miller child never has one decent dress.

Della. I know that, but what can you 'spect when her mother just lived out all her days. But it 's time for me to be going, Miss Jones. I hope you will come to see me some day.

Caddie. Thank you, mum, I shall be very much pleased to. (*To her doll.*) Sit still now, my dear, while I go down to the hall door with Miss Mills. No, I guess I 'd better take you with me, for fear you may fall down and break your nose.

[*Exit DELLA and CADDIE.*]

SCENE II. — SADIE'S house by the rocking-chair.

Sadie. Now I hope there won't a living soul call to-day. I must get my mending and ironing and washing done, and company does hinder a body so. Hush, baby, hush; go to sleep, so I can work. (*Looks out the window.*) There is that disagreeable Della Mills a coming. Now I must put by my work, and visit with her. Why could n't she stay to home and do up her work, I wonder? (*A knock at the door, SADIE opens it.*) Why, Miss Mills, how do you do? I'm very pleased to see you. I was just as lonesome as I could be, here all alone with my little girl. I was just a wishin' somebody'd come. (*Gives her a seat.*) Shall I take your things?

Della. No, mem, I thank you; I can't stay but two or three minutes. But you are politer than some of your neighbors. I just made a call to Miss Jones, and she never asked me to take off my things!

Sadie. She does n't know very good manners, anyway. (*Turns her head to one side and smiles.*)

Della. No, I guess she does n't, and she talks about you awful.

Sadie. What does she say now, Miss Mills? Do tell; I should be pleased to hear.

Della. She said you run about a good deal, and leaved your little girl to do as she pleased, and that you had the ugliest bonnet, and I believe she said your silk dress was dyed. I know she said another thing she'd found out was, that you had to live out and wash for folks. Did you ever hear such talk?

Sadie. No, I never did; but I sha' n't never go to her house no more, would you? She talked dreadful about you, too, one day when I was there. She said all your curls were false, and you had n't but two pretty dresses, and that your baby was n't half so nice as their little dog.

Della. She said lots of more things 'bout you, but I can't remember the rest. So 't is n't no matter. Have n't we had a nice time playing make calls? Now let's call Caddie and have our little supper together, with your new tea-things.

[Exit DELLA and SADIE.]

Ex. 139. — DIGGING GOLD. — *Miss S. M. Priest.*

Eddie.

I AM going to California,
As smart as any man,
To dig among the shining gold;
For I am sure I can.

Charlie.

You going to California?
What do you think you 'll do?
To be so far from home alone,
A little boy like you?

Eddie.

I know I am a little boy,
But I am growing old;
And soon you 'll hear that I am off
Among the mines of gold.

Charlie.

I think you 'd better go to school,
And study all you can,
And never think of digging gold
Till you become a man.

Eddie.

But don't you know 't will all be gone ?
And then what shall I do ?
I must be going soon, I 'm sure ;
Come, Charlie, you go too.

Charlie.

Well, I should like to go with you ;
But what would father say ?
And mother, too, would feel so bad
If I should go away !

Eddie.

Our fathers, and our mothers too,
Would like a little gold ;
If we could get a lump or two,
'T would help them when they 're old.

Charlie.

I think we 'd better stay at home,
And dig for knowledge bright ;
'T will be much better than the gold,
With all its dazzling light.

Ex. 140. — JUDGE NOT TOO SOON. — *Charles Howard.*

SCENE I. — *DICK, HARRY, GEORGE, and TOM, seated in a room. Tom smaller than the others.*

HARRY. I wish Willie would come.
George. I do too ; for I am anxious to see his cousin.
Dick. Do you think he has travelled as much as Will says ?
Harry. No ; but we will find out.
Tom. How ?

Harry. Why, by asking him questions. You know we are all in the history and geography class.

Dick. Yours is a capital idea, Harry.

(*Knock at the door; TOM opens it. Enters WILLIE, followed by his cousin, a rather flashily dressed boy.*)

Willie. Boys, this is my cousin, Arthur Lee.

Arthur. Glad to see you, boys. (*Shakes hands with them.*)

Harry. Stir the fire there, Tom; the wind blows very cold.

Arthur. It reminds me of the trade-winds.

Harry (aside). He knows something, at any rate.
(*Then aloud.*) Trade-winds are found in the deserts, are they not?

Arthur. O no, sir; they are winds that blow across the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

Harry. They accomplish no good, though.

Arthur. Mistaken again, my friend. They are very convenient to merchant-vessels.

Tom. In what way?

Arthur. They always blow one way. That in the northern hemisphere blows from the northeast; that in the southern hemisphere from the southeast.

Willie. O Harry, Arthur knows about the monsoons!

Harry. So do I; they are periodical currents of wind in the neighborhood of the China Sea.

Arthur. You are right, Harry. We encountered one off the island of Formosa.

Harry. They are not so powerful as trade-winds.

Arthur. A great deal more so, and often amount to violent gales.

Harry (aside to Dick). He knows more than I thought he did; but I am not through with him yet.

Tom. O boys, I saw a jack-o'-lantern last night!

Harry, George, and Dick. Where?

Tom. It appeared to be in Farmer Smith's meadow.

Arthur. *Ignis fatuus* is the proper name for the strange phenomenon.

Harry. That name is French.

Arthur. No, sir, it is Latin.

Tom. Arthur, what is the jack-o'-lantern?

Arthur. It is a luminous appearance which arises from putrefying vegetable and animal substances.

Tom. Why does it run from us as we approach it?

Arthur. Because we produce a current of air in front of ourselves, which drives the light gas from us.

Tom. Thank you, Arthur.

Harry. I suppose you have travelled a great deal.

Arthur. Well, yes, for one of my age.

Harry. Were you ever in Florence?

Arthur. Yes, sir.

Harry. Then you ascended Vesuvius.

Arthur. Vesuvius is nearer Naples than Florence.

Harry. I think you are mistaken.

Arthur. I think not, sir. We shall soon see. I have a map of Italy here. (*Takes one from his pocket.*)

Dick. Here is Florence.

Arthur. And there is Naples and Vesuvius.

Harry. Ah yes, you are right, Arthur. My memory has been poor of late. But did you visit Spain?

Arthur. Yes, sir; I had the pleasure of travelling through it.

Harry. Then, of course, you visited all the places of historic interest; such as Barcelona, the birthplace of Columbus.

Arthur. That great man was not born there. Valladolid was honored with his birth. Barcelona is noted for the famous siege which took place there.

Harry. You must excuse my mistakes, Arthur, for I have such a severe headache.

Arthur. They are excusable, sir. (*Aside.*) I think his headache is *entirely excusable*!

George. You hardly got as far north as Switzerland, did you ?

Arthur. O yes ; I did not pass that historic country by.

George. Did you visit Lake Luzerne ?

Arthur. I did, and was delighted with the scenery.

Harry. That was the lake where Tell shot Gesler.

Arthur. You are again mistaken, Harry. He shot the tyrant at Lake Altorf.

Harry. You are right ; but my head aches so that I am obliged to leave you. Good day.

[*Exit HARRY, with both hands pressed to his forehead.*]

Willie. Come, cousin, it is dinner-time and we must go.

Arthur. Just as you say, Will ; I am ready. (*Shakes hands with the three boys, and leaves in company with WILLIE.*)

SCENE II. — *GEORGE, TOM, and DICK seated in the same room.*

Tom. Arthur is a smart boy.

George. He is, indeed, and I shall go home wiser than I came.

(*Enter HARRY.*)

Harry. So Arthur is gone ?

Dick. Yes, sir.

Harry. I don't like him ; he knows too much.

Tom. I thought you were going to puzzle him.

Harry. I tried to do so, but he got ahead of me. I cannot tell why my memory has been so deficient of late.

George. Then you had no headache.

Harry. No, I merely adopted that as a ruse to get rid of him. Do you think he suspicioned me ?

George. I think not.

Harry. All right. I tell you, boys, I have learned a lesson. It is not to judge too soon.

The others, in chorus. So have we.

[*Exit all.*]

Ex. 141. — KNOWING THE CIRCUMSTANCE.

CHARACTERS. — *Five girls, from ten to twelve years of age: MAUD, an orphan, and very poorly clad; KATIE, ROSELLA, EDITH, and BELLE, daughters of wealthy parents.*

SCENE. — *The five girls standing near each other, MAUD a little apart from the others.*

ROSELLA. O girls, my father has bought a beautiful sail-boat, and we expect to have a sail to-night upon the lake. Father gave me leave to invite a few of my friends to enjoy the sail with us. Will you go?

Katie, Edith, and Belle, together. O yes, yes, yes! Won't it be grand?

Katie. Rosella, you are the best girl that ever was. *(Throws an arm around her.)*

Rosella. Will you not go with us, Maud?

Maud (glancing at her shabby dress and worn-out shoes.) I would like to go, but fear I cannot. *(Turns to leave.)*

Rosella. Come if you can, Maud. *[Exit MAUD.]*

Edith. I cannot imagine why you are so anxious to have that ragged Maud Lindsey one of your sailing party.

Belle. Nor I.

Katie. Nor I.

Edith. I don't believe she has anything fit to wear. Did you not see her glance at her dress when she replied to your question?

Rosella. No, I did not notice it.

Katie. How strange! I noticed it; did n't you, Belle?

Belle. Yes, and I could not help pitying her, for I know she wanted to go so much.

Edith. I can't believe it our duty to invite such a ragged thing everywhere. I think it bad enough to be obliged to associate with her at school.

Rosella. O Edith, you surely cannot blame Maud for having no better clothing!

Edith. I had no thought of blaming her; I only said I did not care to associate with her.

Katie. I wonder if she has no better clothes.

Belle. She had a better dress last summer.

Katie. But *we* are talking about *this* summer.

(*MAUD appears on the stage, and seems to be searching for something, but, not finding it, soon leaves.*)

Edith. I wonder what she was looking after.

Belle. She looked as if she had cried her eyes most out.

Katie. That's nothing new; her eyes always look so.

Rosella. I think we should all weep as much as Maud, if in her place. Mrs. Mason knows all about Maud and her parents, and says, if she was able, she would take her and do by her as by a child of her own.

Edith. Did Mrs. Mason ever tell you about her?

Rosella. Yes, she told me the other day.

Belle. Tell us about her, Rosella.

Katie. Yes, do.

Rosella. I will, with pleasure. Maud's parents were very wealthy. They had two children beside Maud,—a boy and a girl. One day her father came in looking very grave; he had failed. A few mornings after this, he awoke very ill. A physician was called, and his disease pronounced diphtheria. In a short time they were all ill with the same disease, and only Maud recovered.

(*A silence of some minutes.*)

Katie. I have a dress at home which I think would fit Maud, and it is quite pretty.

Edith. I have some boots. They don't come up quite as high around the ankle as I like to have them; but they are most new, and will look much better than her old ones.

Belle. I will ask my mother to buy her a new hat; and I know she will, and some other things also.

Rosella. I will also give her some articles of clothing, but what she needs most is our love. Shall we not give it to her ?

All. Yes, yes, she shall have our love.

[Curtain falls.]

Ex. 142. — MUST STUDY ARITHMETIC.

First Boy.

O YES, I must study arithmetic now,
And learn to count one, two, and three;
And add them together, subtract and divide,
While I multiply others, you see.
O, there is nothing I'll hate
Like a pencil and slate,
If cipher I must every day !

Second Boy.

No, no, my companion, you must not say so ;
Such lessons are useful to all ;
And you 'll not regret that for study like this
You laid aside cap, bat, and ball.
Then say not you 'll hate
Either pencil or slate,
Or to cipher awhile each day.

First Boy.

But surely 't is hard to subtract and divide
When one can't make a figure come right ;
And I don't see the use of my learning these rules,
As I can't win the medal so bright.
O, there is nothing I'll hate
Like a pencil and slate,
If cipher I must every day !

Second Boy.

My comrade, cheer up, and don't look so sad ;
There 's nothing like labor, you know,
To smooth the rough paths, and to make scholars glad :
O, keep on, and you 'll find it is so !
Then say not you 'll hate
Either pencil or slate,
Or to cipher awhile each day.

Both Boys.

We 'll study arithmetic patiently, then,
Well pleased though we learn but one rule,
Till patience and labor shall triumph at last,
And we shall stand first in the school,
And nevermore hate
Either pencil or slate,
Or to cipher awhile each day.

Ex. 143. — LOTTIE'S FOOLISH WISH.

L OTTIE. I just wish I was a bird.
Clarrie. What a wish ! Why do you want to be
a bird ?

Lottie. Then I could have wings, and fly.

Clarrie. How it would look to see Lottie Sterling
flying up in the air and among the trees !

Lottie. Yes, I really wish I were a bird flying among
the trees, and wherever else I choose to. O, how
delightful it would be ! And then to have such soft,
shining feathers ! O Clarrie, now would n't you really
like to be a bird ?

Clarrie. Indeed I would not, Lottie.

Lottie. Why, Clarrie ? You are a queer girl !

K

Clarrie. Suppose, now, you were a bird, and some wicked boys should come along, and, seeing you, should say, "There's Lottie Sterling; let us stone her!" and then they should begin to pelt you with stones, and follow you from tree to tree; or suppose they should have a gun, and should shoot you, — then how would you like to be a bird?

Lottie. I would not like to be one of that kind of bird, but one of those pretty little birds that come down around our door, and hop about so lightly, and sing so sweetly in the rose-bushes and among the honeysuckles. That's the kind of bird I would like to be. Now, *Clarrie*, would n't you, *honestly*, like to be one too?

Clarrie. O dear, no! nor would you, had you seen what I saw last Sunday morning.

Lottie. What was it? You almost scare me.

Clarrie. As I was looking out of the window, I saw just such a little bird as you say you would like to be hopping merrily around a bush growing by the door, and it sang so sweetly it charmed me. All at once an old black cat sprang upon it from behind the bush, and ran off with it in her mouth. Afterwards I found a few of its feathers, — the cat had eaten the poor little bird. What if that bird had been Lottie Sterling?

Lottie. Well, I would n't like to be eaten up by a cat.

Clarrie. Neither would I, nor do I want to be stoned by wicked boys, or shot through the heart by cruel hunters.

Lottie. But I would stay in the woods in the tops of the high trees.

Clarrie. Then some gunners might kill you; and when it stormed you would have no home. If you had wings, you would not lie down in a soft bed, but would have to roost in trees through winds and storms. I would rather be the little girl I am, *Clarrie Merton*, with

a nice home, and parents, and everything else to make life pleasant.

Lottie. Anyhow, I would like to be a little girl with wings.

Clarrie. How people would laugh at you! How queer you would look! A little feathered girl instead of the one you are. What a fuss you would make when you flapped your wings, would n't you?

Lottie. Well, I think, after all, I will not be a bird. But don't tell any one that I made such a foolish wish, will you? — for I fear they will laugh at me.

[*Exit both girls.*]

Ex. 144. — SHOWMAN. — *Our Young Folks.*

AN ACTING CHARADE.

CHARACTERS. — EDWARD PORTER, a lad of fourteen years. ELLA PORTER, a girl of twelve years. JAMES WALLACE, a boy of thirteen, from the country. JOHNNIE PORTER, the smallest boy who can learn the part. PAUL LEWIS, the showman. As many boys for the menagerie as the size of the stage will allow.

SCENE I. — SHOW.

Scene, a parlor. Curtain rises, discovering EDWARD writing an exercise, ELLA studying a spelling-lesson.

EDWARD (*looking up*). What's the French for "show," Ella?

Ella. I don't know. Please don't bother me, Ned; I've got a horrid lesson.

Edward. Well, tell a fellow where the dictionary is.

Ella (*passing a book*). Here (*spelling in an undertone*). Ex-hi-bi-tion, — Exhibition.

Edward (*in a low tone*). S-h — (*turning leaves of dictionary*) — Sho-show. Here it is! (*Writes.*) There, Nell, I've finished my lessons.

Ella (*closing her book*). So have I. I wonder where Jim is!

(*Enter JAMES.*)

James. O Ned! O Nell!

Ella. What is it, cousin?

James. Uncle says we may all go to the show!

Edward. What show?

James. Why, the great show of beasts.

Ella. O, the menagerie! I've been often.

James. Have you?

Edward. So have I! Did you never see one, Jim?

James. Never! There was one in Higginsville last summer, but it was five miles from our place, and it was a rainy day, and the old horse went dead lame, and father could n't spare another, because it was when they were hauling lumber for the new barn, so I could n't go.

Ella. Did papa say we were to go to-day?

James. If your lessons were all ready for Monday.

Edward. Hurrah! I know mine!

Ella. So do I!

James. Then we can go. Dinner's almost ready. But, Ned, are there real live lions and tigers?

Edward. Of course they are real!

Ella. What did you think they were?

James. Why, you know those we saw at the Museum were only stuffed.

Ella. Well, these ain't stuffed.

James. Ain't it fun? I never went to a show in my life.

Edward. Don't call it a *show*, Jim. It sounds so countrified.

James. What is it?

Edward. A menagerie.

Ella. I know. I have it in my spelling-lesson to-day. It is an *Exhibition*.

James (mincingly). O, an Ex-hi-bi-tion! What a mouthful! Show is twice as handy. *[Bell rings.]*

Edward. Dinner! Come, we sha' n't have any time to spare.

Ella. I am all ready!

James. And then for the show, — I beg pardon, — then for the Ex-hi-bi-tion! *[Curtain falls.]*

SCENE II. — MAN.

Scene same as before. Curtain rises, discovering ELLA and JAMES in walking-dress.

Ella. Where is Ned?

James. Gone to uncle for the money to buy the tickets.

(Enter JOHNNIE, in a man's coat and hat, and carrying a cane. The effect is better if JOHNNIE is small enough to wear petticoats.)

Johnnie. I'm a man.

Ella. O Johnnie, what a figure!

Johnnie (strutting round the room). I'm a man!

James. O you comical boy!

Johnnie. I ain't a boy. I'm a man!

Ella. What makes you a man, Johnnie?

Johnnie. Papa's hat, papa's coat, papa's cane.

James. So the coat, hat, and cane make a man?

Johnnie. Yes. I am a man, now!

(Enter EDWARD.)

Edward. Are you all ready? Why, Johnnie, you young mischief! Nurse will be after you!

Johnnie. Don't care for nurse! I'm a man!

Edward. O, you are? Well, that alters the case!

[JOHNNIE trips over the cane, falls, and cries.]

Ella. O, poor little fellow! *(Kisses him.)*

Edward. Fie! a man, and cry!

Johnnie (sobbing). I hurt my head.

James. A man does n't cry if he does hurt his head.

Ella. Give me the cane, Johnnie.

Johnnie (strutting off again). I won't fall any more. Good by ! I'm going to show mamma what a man I am !

[Exit JOHNIE.]

James. Come ; we shall be late, if we do not start.

Edward. I'm all ready.

Ella. So am I.

[Curtain falls.]

SCENE III. — SHOWMAN.

Scene, a room unfurnished, excepting a row of cages across background and at the sides. In each cage a boy representing some animal by gestures and sounds, but in every-day dress. (Impromptu cages can be made by some arrangement of chairs around the stage.) Curtain rises, discovering EDWARD, ELLA, JAMES, and several other children walking up and down, looking at the cages.

James. What is this animal, Ed ?

Edward. That is a bear.

James. Is it ? Can he stand on his hind legs ?

Edward. Of course he can !

[Bear growls, and stands erect, holding on by the bars of the cage.]

James. Just look at him, Nell !

(Enter PAUL with a long stick.)

Edward. Here comes the showman ; he'll tell us all about them.

Paul (stopping at first cage). This, ladies and gentlemen, is the royal Bengal tiger. This superb animal was captured in India, and brought to this country by the celebrated Ow Rang Tang, at an immense cost. In his native jungle his principal diet is a raw native, but in captivity raw beef will answer for his daily fare. Having given the history of this remarkable animal, ladies and gentlemen, I will now stir him up, and make him roar. (*Stirs up the tiger with the long pole. Tiger roars as naturally as practicable.*)

Edward. Ain't he a beauty, Jim ?

James. Hush, he's going to tell us what's in the next cage.

Paul (who passes to the different cages, as he describes the different animals). This, ladies and gentlemen, is the Chimpanzee, or black orang monkey, captured on the Guinea coast. The immense strength of this animal makes his safe keeping very difficult. He can stand erect, or crawl on all-fours. Stand up, sir! (*Chimpanzee stands up.*) Sit down, sir! (*Chimpanzee sits down.*) They are very tractable if caught young, but ferocious when full-grown. The present specimen is four years old, and has been taught a variety of tricks. Make a bow, sir! (*Chimpanzee obeys the orders as given.*) Shake hands, sir! Stand on one leg, sir! Crawl, sir! Chatter your teeth, sir!

Ella. Did you ever see such a monkey?

Edward. I like the little black monkeys better, they're so full of mischief.

Paul. This, ladies and gentlemen, is the American grizzly bear! It was captured in the Rocky Mountains, and measures nine feet from the tip of its nose to the extreme end of its tail! It lives upon meat, but is very fond of apples. Have any of you boys an apple? Try him; see if he won't eat one!

James. I have one. (*Offers it to the bear, who takes hand and all in his paw.*) Oh! oh! oh! He'll eat me up!

[*Bear releases the hand.*]

Ella. O, how frightened I was!

Paul. There was no occasion for fright. All the animals are so perfectly under my control that there was not the least danger.

James. Well, you may give him the apple yourself next time. See him munch it, Ned. [*Bear growls.*]

Paul. I will stir him up, and make him growl. (*Stirs up bear, who takes the stick in his teeth, and shakes it.*)

Edward. Ha, ha, ha! See him hold on!

Paul. Let go, sir!

[*Bear holds on, growling.*]

James. I'm glad it is not my hand, now!

Paul. Let go, sir!

[*Stick breaks.*]

Ella. He minds, does n't he?

Paul. No animal likes to be disturbed while eating. We will pass to the next cage. This, ladies and gentlemen, is the tapir, a very rare animal in a menagerie. Indeed, I know of no other specimen in captivity. This animal is a native of South America, being found east of the Andes. He generally prefers to live in marshy ground, and will wallow in the shallow water like the domestic pig.

Edward. I never saw one before.

Ella. There is one in the geography.

James. Hush! let's hear what is in the next cage.

Paul. This remarkably graceful and beautiful animal, ladies and gentlemen, is the jaguar, or American panther, which was captured with immense difficulty, being as ferocious and strong as a tiger, and at the same time as active as a cat. I will stir up the specimen, and make him roar. (*Stirs up the jaguar, who roars loudly, and bounds about the cage.*)

Ella. O, I am afraid he will get out!

Paul. No danger, miss. The cage is strong, and he would not hurt you if he did get out. All these animals are under perfect control.

James. What's in the next cage?

Paul. A wildcat.

Edward. O, stir him up! [*PAUL stirs up wildcat, who yells.*]

Paul. The next cage, ladies and gentlemen, contains a lion, — an Asiatic lion, — rightly named the king of beasts. This superb specimen was captured at the age of three months, and is as tame as a kitten. I will stir him up. (*Stirs up the lion, who growls without rising.*)

Edward. He's sulky.

Paul. Get up, sir! (*Pokes the lion, who growls sullenly.*)

Ella. How savage he looks!

Paul (angrily.) Get up, sir! [*Lion springs up in a rage.*

James. O, he'll get out!

Paul. No, he won't. (*Pokes the lion, who bounds against the bars, upsets the cage, and gets out.* PAUL runs.)

Ella. Oh! oh! oh!

(*All run away, the lion following in bounds. All the other animals roar, yell, or growl, with the full force of their lungs.*)

[*Curtain falls.*

Ex. 145. — INSTRUCTIVE SUBJECTS. — Miss S. M. Priest.

[A slight change has been made in the author's arrangement.]

Teacher.

CAN you tell what are the different days of the week, and in what order they are arranged?

Mary.

Sunday, the sacred day of rest,
Stands first, and should be deemed the best;
Then Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, all
Glide on, and for improvement call;
Thursday and Friday next appear,
And Saturday brings up the rear.

Teacher.

Can you tell how many hours are in each day, and how they are divided?

Ned.

Yes; four-and-twenty hours, they say;
And these, if I remember right,
Have twelve allotted for the day,
Whilst twelve remain to form the night.

Teacher.

Can you tell how many days are in a week, how many weeks in a month, and how many months in a year ?

Fanny.

Seven days within each week are found ;
In every month four weeks appear ;
And as the circling months roll round,
Twelve of them just complete the year.

Teacher.

Tell me the names of the different months, with the order in which they occur.

Tom.

Cold January first we view,
And February clad in snow ;
Then follow March and April too,
And May, when flowers begin to blow.

Nellie.

June and July in order come,
To furnish stores of various fruits ;
Then August brings the harvest home,
Which well the smiling farmer suits.

Frank.

September calls the sportsman forth ;
October strips the branches fast ;
November gales blow from the north,
And dark December comes at last.

Teacher.

Do you know how many days there are in the different months of the year ?

All.

Just thirty days are in September,
In April, June, and November;
In February you will find
But twenty-eight or twenty-nine;
All the remaining months, 't is plain,
Exactly thirty-one contain.

Ex. 146. — THE LETTER. — *Lover.*

[For two males.]

(*Enter SQUIRE EGAN, and his Irish servant, ANDY.*)

SQUIRE. Well, Andy, you went to the post-office, as I ordered you?

Andy. Yis, sir.

Squire. Well, what did you find?

Andy. A most imperthinent fellow, indade, sir.

Squire. How so?

Andy. Says I, as dacent like as a gentleman, "I want a letther, sir, if you plase." "Who do you want it for?" said the posth-masther, as ye call him. "I want a letther, sir, if you plase," said I. "And whom do you want it for?" said he again. "And what's that to you?" said I.

Squire. You blockhead, what did he say to that?

Andy. He laughed at me, sir, and said he could not tell what letther to give me, unless I told him the direction.

Squire. Well, you told him, then, did you?

Andy. "The directions I got," said I, "was to get a letther here, — that's the directions." "Who gave you the directions?" says he. "The masther," said I. "And who's your masther?" said he. "What consarn is that o' yours?" said I.

Squire. Did he break your head, then ?

Andy. No, sir. "Why, you stupid rascal," said he, "if you don't tell me his name, how can I give you his letther?" "You could give it if you liked," said I; "only you are fond of axing impident questions, because you think I'm simple." "Get out o' this!" said he. "Your masther must be as great a goose as yourself, to send such a missinger."

Squire. Well, how did you save my honor, Andy ?

Andy. "Bad luck to your impidence!" said I. "Is it Squire Egan you dare say goose to?" "O, Squire Egan 's your masther?" said he. "Yis," says I; "have you anything to say agin it?"

Squire. You got the letter, then, did you ?

Andy. "Here 's a letther for the Squire," says he, "You are to pay me eleven pence posthage." "What 'ud I pay 'leven pence for?" said I. "For *posthage*," says he. "Did n't I see you give that gentleman a letther for fourpence, this blessed minit?" said I; "and a bigger letther than this? Do you think I'm a fool?" says I. "Here 's a fourpence for you,— and give me the letther."

Squire. I wonder he did not break your skull, and let some light into it.

Andy. "Go along, you stupid thafe!" says he, because I would n't let him *chate* your Honor.

Squire. Well, well; give me the letter.

Andy. I have n't it, sir. He would n't give it to me, sir.

Squire. *Who* would n't give it to you ?

Andy. That old *chate* beyant in the town.

Squire. Did n't you pay what he asked ?

Andy. Arrah, sir, why would I let you be chated, when he was selling them before my face for fourpence apiece ?

Squire. Go back, you scoundrel, or I 'll horsewhip you !

Andy. He'll murder me, if I say another word to him about the letter; he swore he would.

Squire. I'll do it, if he don't, if you are not back in less than an hour. [Exit.]

Andy. O that the like of me should be murdered for defending the character of my master! It's not I'll go to *dale* with that bloody *chate* again. I'll off to the country, sure, and let the letter rot on his dirty hands, bad luck to him! [Exit.]

Ex. 147. — CHRISTMAS.

Mary. *General*

I WISH you a merry Christmas, Kate,
A merry Christmas, very;
There's plenty of ice, and you can skate
Till your nose is as red as a cherry.

Kate.

A merry Christmas to you, dear, too;
With Christmas gifts a plenty;
But what is the matter? You look as grave
And wise as a girl of twenty!

Did you see Santa Claus come down last night,
With his rosy face in a pucker?
It must have been such a funny sight!
'T would have kept me all in a flutter.

Mary.

I am thinking, Kate, what it's all about,
This keeping of Christmas day;

Why do children hail it with laugh and shout,
With gifts and songs and play?

I know each year, as the day comes round,
We deck the church with green,
And the bells ring out with a merry sound, —
But, Katy, what does it mean?

Kate (taking a seat by Mary).

You little heathen! don't you know?
Well, I'll tell you all about it;
Grandma told me, so long ago!
'T is true, you need not doubt it.

O, ever and ever so long ago,
A little baby stranger
Was cradled in the strangest place, —
Right in the cattle's manger.

And angels came and angels went
All night with joyous singing;
And everywhere the air was rent
With silver bells a-ringing.

And then there rose a *new, bright star*, —
(Could anything be stranger!)
Some wise men followed it from far,
It stood right o'er the manger.

They followed it and found the babe, —
A royal prince, — they knew him;
And, kneeling there, they homage paid,
And offered gifts unto him.

That little babe was Christ, our Lord.
We keep this day for him;

For this we give each other gifts,
For this our churches trim.

Christ was the first great Christmas gift,
The dearest gift and best,
God's own great gift to all the world, —
To us with all the rest.

Mary.

O, I'm so glad you told me this !
I think I hear the singing.
Of the angel bands, and hear the bells, —
The silver bells a-ringing.

I think Christ must have had blue eyes,
Just like my little brother ;
Did the wise men kiss him, — do you know ?
I'll go and ask my mother.

[They leave the stage hand in hand.]

Ex. 148. — THE MAY.

[For six little girls.]

CHARACTERS. — LIZZIE, the May Queen. MARY, the Daisy. MARTHA, the Buttercup. ALICE, the Violet.

Two young ladies, standing together.

First Young Lady.

THE children in our little school
Have learned the strangest play ;
They all imagine they are flowers,
And Lizzie is the May.

But here they come, and we must go, —
They love to play at will, —

But step aside a little way,
And we can see them still.

[Exeunt young ladies.]

(Enter MARY, MARTHA, and ALICE.)

Martha.

Here, Alice, you stand close by me,
And keep your eyes downcast,
For you 're the modest Violet,
And you will speak the last.

(Enter May Queen.)

Mary.

O, welcome, welcome, queenly May !
The Daisy flower am I ;
I kept my blossoms folded close
Beneath the April sky ;

But when the air grew doubly sweet
With music and perfume,
I knew that you had come indeed,
And it was time to bloom.

May Queen.

O, welcome, little Daisy flower !
Your modest face is dear ;
There is magic in your timid smile,
(She turns to the Buttercup.)
But, pray, whom have we here ?

Martha.

O, welcome, Queen ! I wear the dress
That once my mother wore ;
You may remember having seen
A Buttercup before.

They say I 'm but an idle weed
As useless as I 'm gay,

But there was *never* yet a flower
More loyal to the May.

May Queen.

O, welcome, welcome ! well I know
Your sunshine-loving race ;
'T were sad, indeed, if I had failed
To meet *your* honest face.

Alice.

O, welcome, welcome, lovely May !
I have not much to bring ;
I 'm but the humble Violet,
The frailest flower of spring.

But since, before the roses bloom,
It must be mine to die,
O, give to me one gentle smile !
O, *do* not pass me by !

May Queen.

Thrice welcome, little Violet !
I love your blossom blue !
'Mid all the flowers of spring there 's not
A dearer one than you !

(Enter Young Lady.)

Young Lady.

O, welcome, welcome, Queen of May !
With garlands round your brow !
And welcome, all the train of flowers !
Your mothers want you now.

Right pleasant is your childish play,
And bright the springtime hours,
But little children that are good
Are sweeter than the flowers !

Ex. 149. — SHOPPING. — *Our Young Folks.*

[A dialogue for the very little ones.]

CHARACTERS. — CLERK, ANNIE, OLD LADY, CELIA, MRS. HIGH-FLY, MR. JONES.

SCENE. — *A shop. Tables are placed at one end of the stage, to represent counters. Upon these are displayed toys, confectionery, boxes, or anything which will indicate a shop. Advertisements of patent medicines and of other things might be hung up. White pebbles may pass for sugar-plums. Sticks whittled out and colored will do for sticks of candy. A little boy of seven or eight must be dressed up to represent a smart clerk or storekeeper (with a pen behind his ear). CELIA and ANNIE, two very little girls, enter at the other end of the stage.*

NOTE. — If the part of the Clerk is too long for one small boy to remember, another one, dressed as the storekeeper, with gray whiskers and wig (made of curled hair), might come in and take his place when Mr. Jones enters. In this case, the Clerk should sit down and look over his account-books, and appear to write. If the conversation with Mr. Jones is too long, part of it may be omitted, and if the articles mentioned are not at hand, others may be substituted.

CELIA. O Annie! did your mother give you a cent?
Annie. Yes. See! (*Holds it out.*)

Celia. Want me to go with you to spend it?

Annie. Yes. Come. There's the shop.

Celia. Will you let me taste?

Annie. I guess so, if you won't taste very big.

Celia. I won't take but just a little *teenty, teenty* mite!

(*They cross over.*)

Annie. Here's the shop.

Clerk. Well, my little girls, what will you have?

Celia. She wants to spend her cent.

Clerk. That's right. This is the place.

Annie. I want a stick of candy.

Clerk. Red candy?

Annie. No, sir. Mamma says white candy is best for little girls.

(CLERK wraps stick of candy (real candy) in paper, and takes the cent. Little girls walk away, hand in hand. ANNIE lets CELIA taste. CELIA and ANNIE go out.)

(Enter MRS. HIGHFLY fashionably dressed, with trail, veil, waterfall, reticule, parasol, etc.)

Clerk (with polite bow). Good morning, Mrs. Highfly.

Mrs. Highfly. Have you any canary-seeds? I wish to get some for my bird.

Clerk. We have all kinds of flower-seeds, ma'am.

Mrs. Highfly. Those won't do. Have you nice prunes?

Clerk. We don't keep prunes. We have some very nice squashes, ma'am. (Takes long-necked squash from behind the counter.)

Mrs. Highfly. What do you ask?

Clerk. Six cents a pound.

Mrs. Highfly. I'll take half a one. My family is quite small.

Clerk. Can't cut it, ma'am. It sells by wholesale.

Mrs. Highfly. I'll try some other store.

[Exit MRS. HIGHFLY in displeasure.]

(Enter nice OLD LADY dressed in black; white cap-frill shows under her bonnet; she carries a work-bag and wears spectacles (without glasses); makes a little courtesy.)

Old Lady. Good morning, sir. I've come to town, and I want to buy some sugar-plums for my grandchildren.

Clerk. Large or small kind?

Old Lady. Which are the best?

Clerk. Large ones are better for large children, and small for the small ones.

Old Lady (counts her fingers). Let me see. There's Sarah Emeline and Polly and Jemima and John Alexander and Hiram. Five. I'll take five cents' worth, mixed. (Takes out from her bag five old-fashioned cents.)

Clerk. Yes'm. (Attempting to wrap them in paper; OLD LADY watching him.) 'T will come to just five cents.

Old Lady (opening bag). Drop them right in here. (CLERK drops them in.) [Exit OLD LADY.]

(Enter MR. JONES with tall hat, overcoat or dress-coat, cane, stand-up dickey, etc.)

Clerk. Good morning, sir. Wish to trade to-day?

Mr. Jones. I wish to buy some toys for my children.

Clerk. How old?

Mr. Jones. All ages.

Clerk. Would you like a whip, sir? (Shows one, snapping it.)

Mr. Jones. A whip is n't a very good thing to have in the house.

Clerk. Would you buy a ball? These will every one bounce. (Shows various kinds.)

Mr. Jones. No, sir. I'm about tired of setting glass.

Clerk. These are warranted not to break windows. But here's a trumpet. A trumpet is a very pleasing toy. (Shows one, blowing it.)

Mr. Jones (with a wave of the hand). Don't show me anything that will make a noise!

Clerk. How would a hoop suit you? (Showing one.)

Mr. Jones. I could n't think of spending money for hoops. A barrel-hoop drives just as well.

Clerk. Have they got marbles?

Mr. Jones. Yes, plenty. My Sammy got one in his throat, and came very near being choked.

Clerk. Try a jumping-jack. (Holds one up, pulling the string.)

Mr. Jones. O, they'd soon break the string.

Clerk. How would a knife please them? (Shows one.)

Mr. Jones. Please them well enough. But they'd be sure to lose it, or cut themselves. Jemmy's got six fingers tied up now.

Clerk. Are they supplied with boats? (Showing one.)

Mr. Jones. I never let my children sail boats, for fear of their being drowned.

Clerk. How is it about a kite?

Mr. Jones. Kites are likely to blow away.

Clerk. Perhaps you 'd like something useful.

Mr. Jones. My children don't like useful things.

Clerk. Here 's a good hatchet. (*Shows hatchet.*)

Mr. Jones. They 'd hack my fruit-trees.

Clerk. A hammer ?

Mr. Jones. Nails would be driven in everywhere.

Clerk. Buy a doll for your little girl. (*Shows doll.*)

Mr. Jones. She has a house full now.

Clerk. A silver thimble ?

Mr. Jones. A pewter one does as well to lose.

Clerk. You are a hard customer, sir.

Mr. Jones. Not at all. Your wares don't suit me.

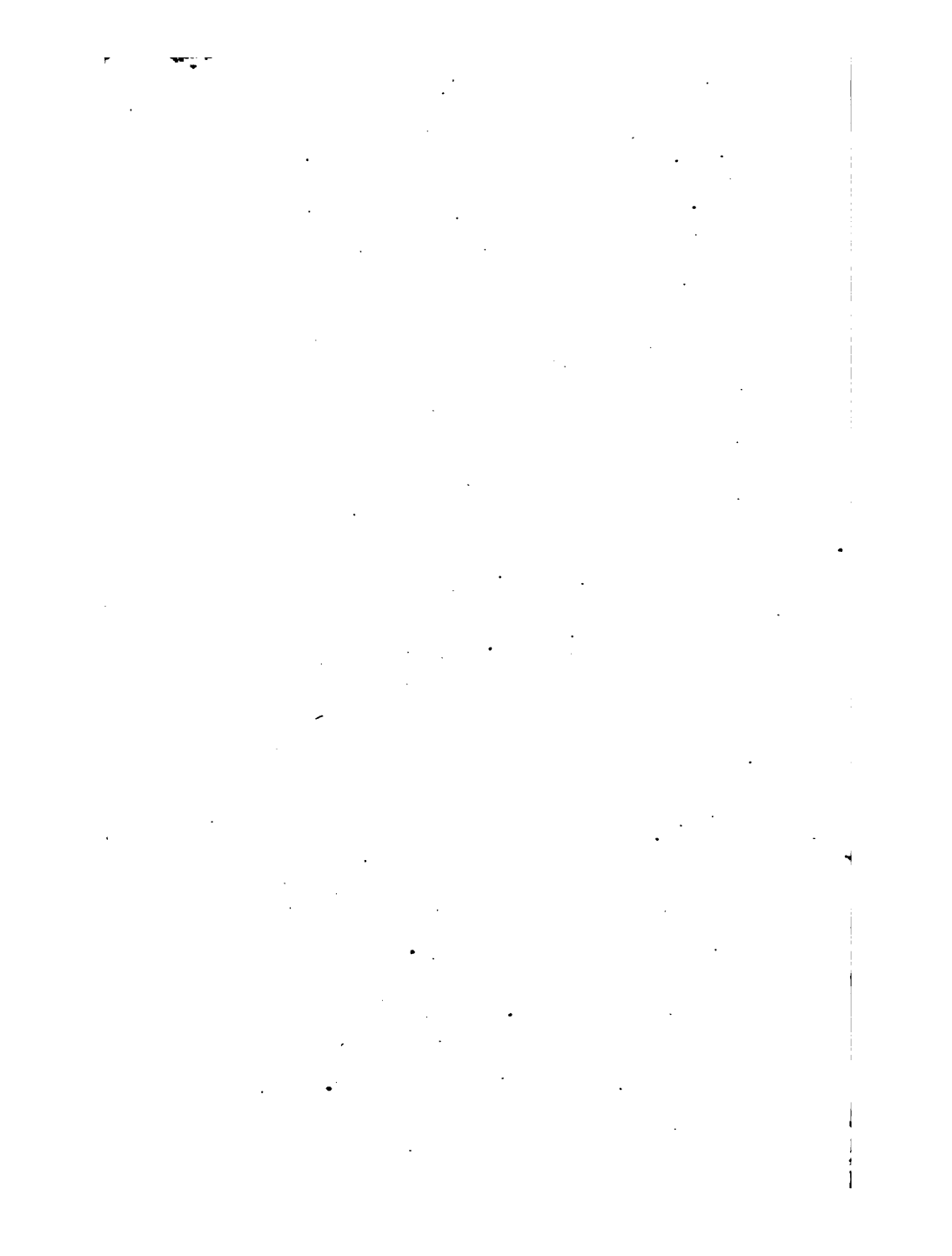
Clerk. We expect a new lot of toys in soon.

Mr. Jones (going). I 'll call again. Good morning.

Clerk. Good day, sir.

[*Exit MR. JONES.*]







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